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4. The last day for receiving entries is Aug. 29, 1931, and the result will be announced in the *DAILY SKETCH* on Sept. 19, 1931.
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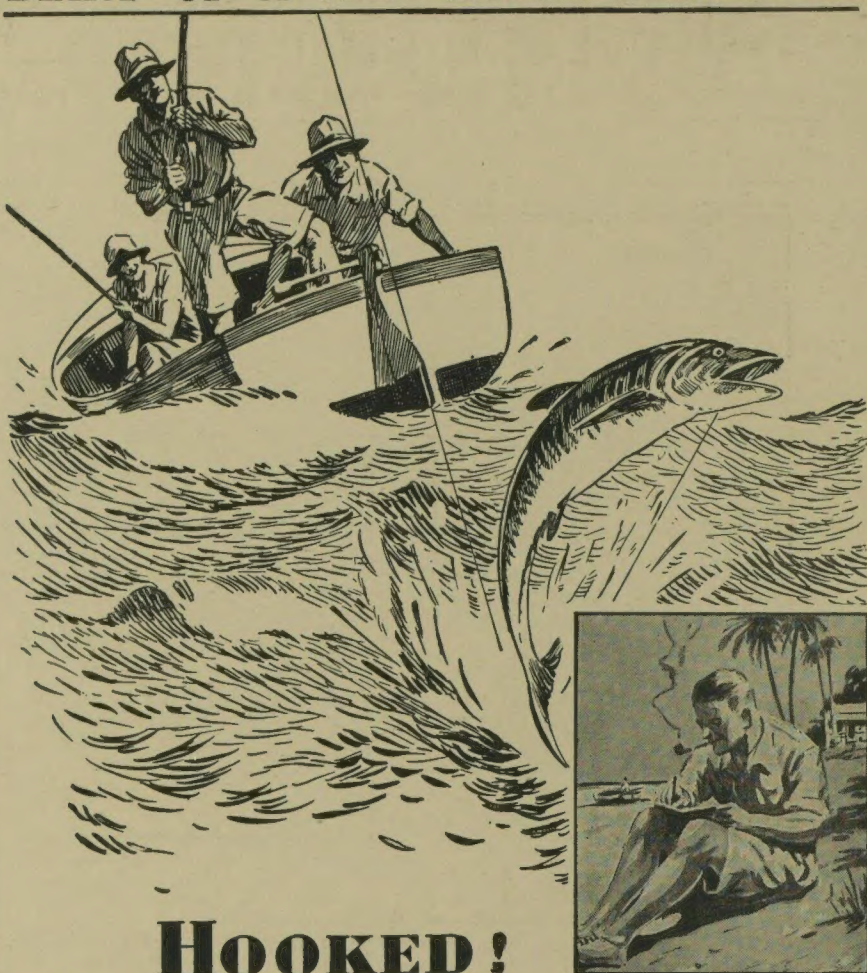
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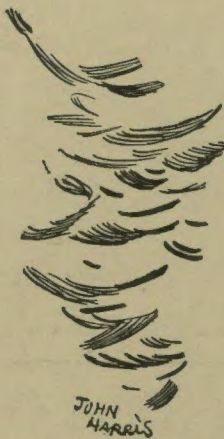
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DIARY OF A MAN ABOUT AUSTRALIA

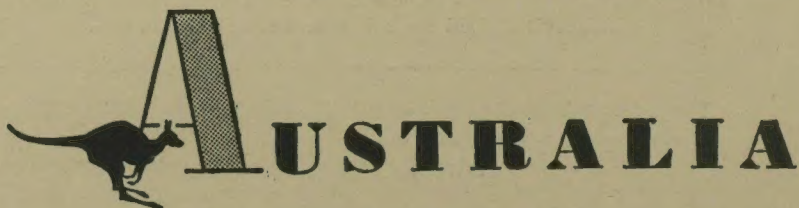


HOOKED!

"Fighting mackerel... Tigers of the sea they call them. Mine was. Four-and-a-half feet long, but strength and pep out of all proportion to size. Finished up by jumping his length into the air... Jim says the Great Barrier Reef'll do him for the next three or four months. He's in the hut playing with a sea porcupine. Likes paddling about in the lagoon among the coral, stirring up all kinds of weird fish and poking sticks into clam shells... Climbed a palm tree and got cocoanuts early to-day while Joan tried to ride a turtle until it dived and left her on the surface... Weather gorgeous. Funny how 'our tropic isle' seems to be in the middle of the Pacific yet it's only about three hours in the launch from cocktails and cinemas..."



JOHN HARRIS



Illustrated brochures will be gladly sent by the Australian National Travel Association, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. (or 114 Sansome St., San Francisco, U.S.A.). Shipping Companies or travel agencies will arrange bookings.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1931.



THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA," WHICH IS RACING AT COWES: HIS MAJESTY'S FAMOUS BERMUDAN-RIGGED CUTTER RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND WITH SPINNAKER SET.

Their Majesties the King and Queen left London on July 27 to join the Royal Yacht at Cowes, where they will be until August 10. It was then understood that the King would have some cruising in the "Britannia" before her next race, which is to-day, August 1, at the Regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, when the big yachts will start and finish at Cowes. At about

five on the day of their Majesties' arrival at Cowes, the "Britannia" returned from racing at Ryde, and when the King's flag was hoisted on her mast an Admiral's salute of fifteen guns was fired from the Royal Yacht Squadron. In our photograph, the "Britannia" is seen racing at Ryde in the match for yachts of the "J" class and old yachts above 76 rating.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE was a paradox, and a rather paralysing paradox, in the luck of Mr. Lansbury in his late controversy, when he could justify the toleration of human habits at Hampton Court, by the parallel of German beer-gardens or French open-air cafés; apart from the case of English public-houses. For one thing, it is the awful and tragic truth that those who still largely constitute the political class know a great deal more about German beer-gardens or French cafés than they do about English public-houses. If they knew a little more about the public-houses, they would know that a large number of them are every bit as innocent and decorous as the cafés or the beer-gardens. That is the sort of cross-examination to which he ought really to have subjected his cross-examiners. He should have ruthlessly exposed the superficiality of Lady Astor's acquaintance with "The Pig and Whistle"; revealed the miserable limitations of Mr. Scrymgeour's experience at "The Spotted Dog"; blasted the pretensions of Dr. Salter to be a real ripe old habituë of "The Blue Pig," and sternly rebuked the Prohibitionist deputation for their miserable record of attendances at what may truly be called, in a higher, nobler, and purer sense, The Bar of the House. But the Prohibitionist, having pride as his special spiritual weakness, can never quite make up his mind whether to brag of never having entered a public-house, or to brag of knowing all about what dark and demoniac dens they are. But though the latter view of them is, of course, quite ludicrous, there is something in the luck of Mr. Lansbury in beginning with a comparison to beer-gardens. It does bring the British prig up against a fact that he can hardly deny, but would very much like to dismiss.

It is the simple fact that the countries where Temperance does exist, are exactly the countries where Teetotalism does not exist. The places where nobody has ever dreamed of Prohibition, the places where nobody has ever heard of Prohibition, these are precisely the places where people have achieved largely, and on a large scale, the practise of moderation in drink. English public-houses are much more respectable places than the reformers of public-houses imagine; but it is true that they are not quite so respectable as they are where there are no reformers to reform. That is a broad and solid fact, familiar to any man who knows anything of Europe, as well as of England; and it does stand as a stubborn obstacle against all theories of the inevitable devilry of drink and the inevitable benefits of interference with drink. In Bavaria, where nobody ever dreamed that beer could be forbidden, beer is a very light and mild brew shared by husbands, wives and children in harmless picnics. In Chicago, where beer is forbidden, beer has acted as a sort of dynamite of revolution and has turned a racketeer into a dictator. In France, where hardly anybody drinks anything but wine, hardly anybody drinks very much wine. In Scotland, which is scoured by fanatics screaming for Prohibition, every public holiday pours out a rabble, drunk on raw whisky, to scream back at them like demons. In Madrid, sleepy, neglected, indifferent to temperance movements, I have seen with these mortal eyes a man pour half a tumbler of water into his port wine. In London, organised, officialised, watched over by a hundred departments, societies, sociologists and philanthropists, I have seen a young girl drinking a tumbler of raw gin. That, as far as it goes, is a fact; and, as I say, it is Mr. Lansbury's luck, or possibly even Mr. Lansbury's cunning,

that he could put so unanswerable a fact first in the controversy.

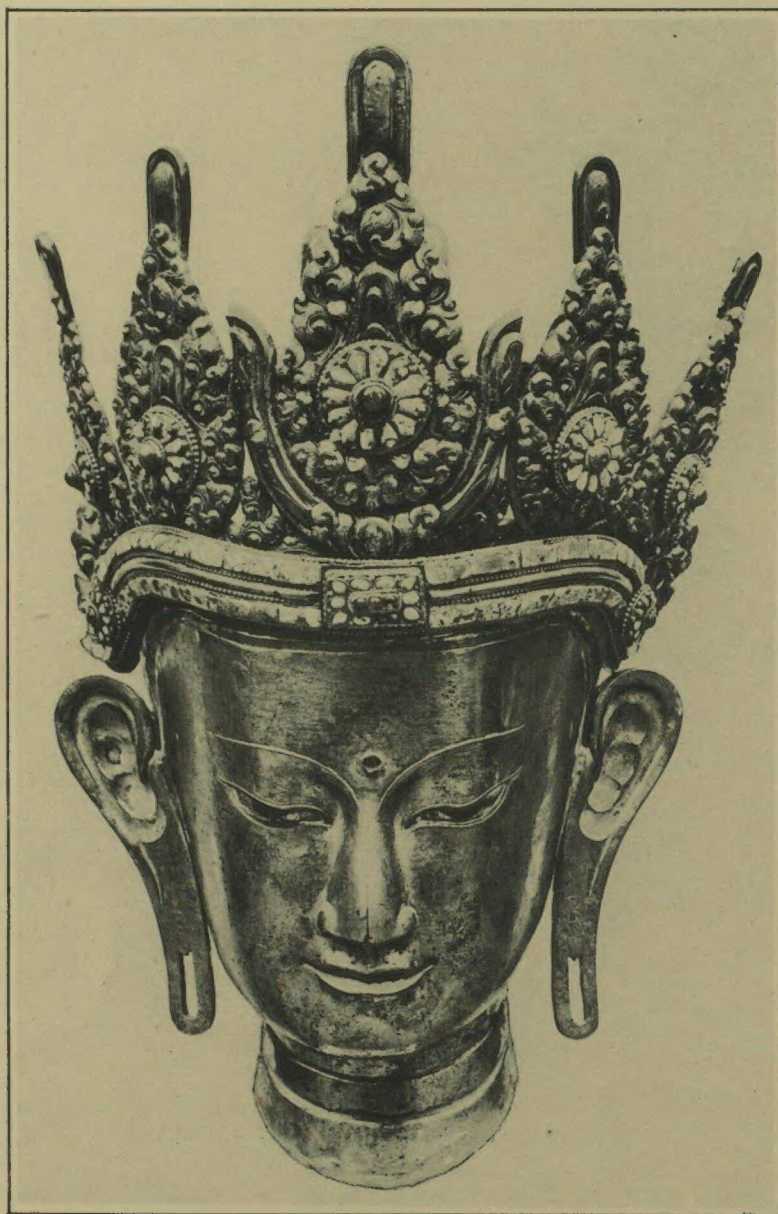
Of course, there is a possible answer to it; but it is an answer which English people are naturally rather reluctant to offer. It is, in plain words, that foreigners are to be trusted and we are not to be trusted. We must be specially restrained, because we are specially vicious; aliens do not need to be restrained, because aliens are specially virtuous. On those lines it might be possible to turn the argu-

quite exceptionally unfit for freedom. One of the Prohibitionist ladies, who pestered Mr. Lansbury on the subject, did actually glance at this argument, and it is amusing to notice how very vaguely she expressed it; how very cautiously she evidently felt that it must be suggested. In answer to the praise of foreign cafés and beer-gardens, she only said hazily that foreigners have a different temperament from ours. Quite so; but does it not come as rather a shock to suggest that foreigners always have a more decent and responsible temperament than ours? Is France

to be left with all her vineyards, for the definite and declared reason that a Frenchman is not so excitable as an Englishman? It is amusing to think what most Englishmen in English history would have said about that. Is Germany to be allowed all her beer-gardens, because England proclaims to the whole world with a trumpet that a German is more civilised than an Englishman? It is quaint to think what we should have said of that a few years ago; and even those whose deepest convictions about history and humanity seem to alter every few years, will hardly be quite prepared to admit that just yet. I respectfully refuse to admit that an Englishman, as such, is more of a suicidal sot than his European neighbours. The only shadow of truth that I can trace in the idea is this; that some foreign civilisations, especially the old and central civilisations, do perhaps possess a better intellectual instinct about the limits of the power of the State than do the English, who have rather neglected philosophical discussions of that kind. I do not admit that an Englishman need be any more the slave of a pot of beer than a Frenchman. But I do think it possible that he might be a little more doubtful than the Frenchman about the power of a policeman to take away a pot of beer. The normal Frenchman would say at once that policemen do not exist to take away pots of beer. The Englishman might be more easy to bamboozle with the notion that policemen may do anything that anybody thinks is for the general public good. England does not suffer from too much beer; but she does suffer from too much philanthropy and too little philosophy.

For nothing is needed, to dispose of the whole preposterous Prohibition stuff altogether, except a little clear thinking about the nature of social evils, and how far they can be regulated by social laws. It is not a question of the evil being very evil. There are a great many evils, intrinsically far worse than intoxication; such as spite, or spiritual cruelty, or crushing depression, or all sorts of things, which do not happen to be things that can be dealt with by any law without the extinction of every liberty. It is just as true, for that matter, of the most obvious bodily affairs as of the most mystical moral affairs. It would be an exceedingly bad thing if all the rising generation rose without any of the habits of health, without air, without exercise, without reasonably chosen intervals of relaxation. But the State cannot decide when everybody is to get up in the morning, how late anybody is to sit up at night, how many windows shall be opened in the bed-room, how many visits are to be paid to the garden, when and where every man shall take a walk—the State cannot enforce all this without destroying the last remnants of self-respect and liberty that make life worth living. It is quite true that

men can ruin themselves, and even that men in community can ruin the community; but in these cases there is nothing to be said except that if men cannot save themselves by common sense, they cannot save each other by coercion; and that it is useless to chain them up like maniacs and then command them to save the State.



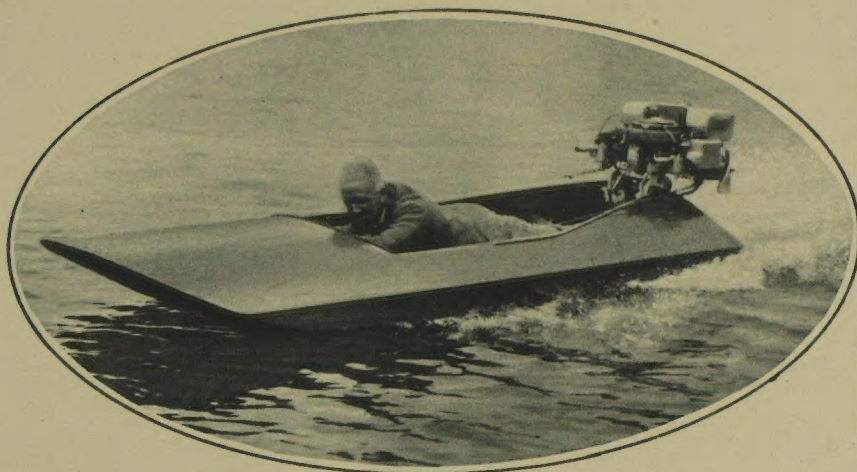
THE TWENTY-SECOND TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": A TINTED AND JEWELLED HEAD OF HAMMERED AND GILT COPPER; WROUGHT IN A TIBETAN MONASTERY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

This impressive head of hammered and gilt copper, tinted and jewelled, belonged to a life-size temple-figure of the great Patron Tutelary of Mahayana Buddhism, Avalokitesvara, personification of Spiritual Power, Creator and Sustainer of the present Universe; revered in Tibet as the Lord of Compassion, Chenresi, and in China and Japan in feminine form, as the goddess of Mercy, Kwan-yin, and Kwannon. The richly jewelled crown typifies the wisdom of the five Heavenly (Dhyani) Buddhas, united in Avalokita for the salvation of all Beings in the Three Worlds. The ear-pendants form part of the thirteen prescribed ornaments proper to Avalokita in his rank as Dhyani-Bodhisattva. In the India Museum are two standing figures of this Bodhisattva which most probably represent the stance of the figure from which this head came. As in mediaeval Europe, the monasteries of Tibet are the home of the arts; and in one of them, perhaps the great Palkhorchoide Monastery at Gyantsé, this beautiful head was wrought in the seventeenth century by some Lamaist metal-smith belonging to the Newari people of Nepal.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

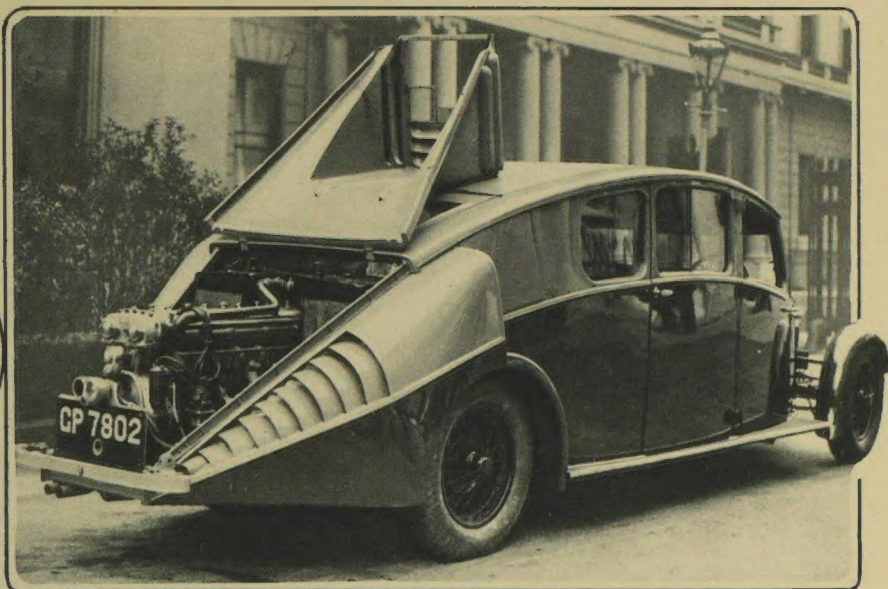
ment round; and say that Scotland is naturally teetotal because it is naturally drunk; or that American wickedness came first and American reform came as the consequence. But I do not imagine that either the Scot, the Yankee, or the Englishman is very anxious to defend his slavery by proving that he is

ROYAL ACTIVITIES IN AND OUT OF TOWN: SOCIAL AND SPORTING EVENTS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SPEED-BOATS: THE FIRST OF THE TWO CRAFT UNDERGOING TESTS ON THE EDGBASTON RESERVOIR, BIRMINGHAM, BEFORE DELIVERY.

The Prince of Wales has been showing much interest in motor-boating of late, and has been practising the sport on Virginia Water, Windsor Great Park. Further, he ordered recently two speed-boats for his own use. One of these underwent her first and final tests the other day, on the Edgbaston Reservoir, Birmingham. She has an airtight chamber on either side, calculated



THE PRINCE AND A NEW-TYPE STREAMLINE MOTOR-CAR: THE "BURNIE" LENT TO H.R.H. BY MRS. STEPHEN COURTAULD PENDING DELIVERY OF HIS OWN.

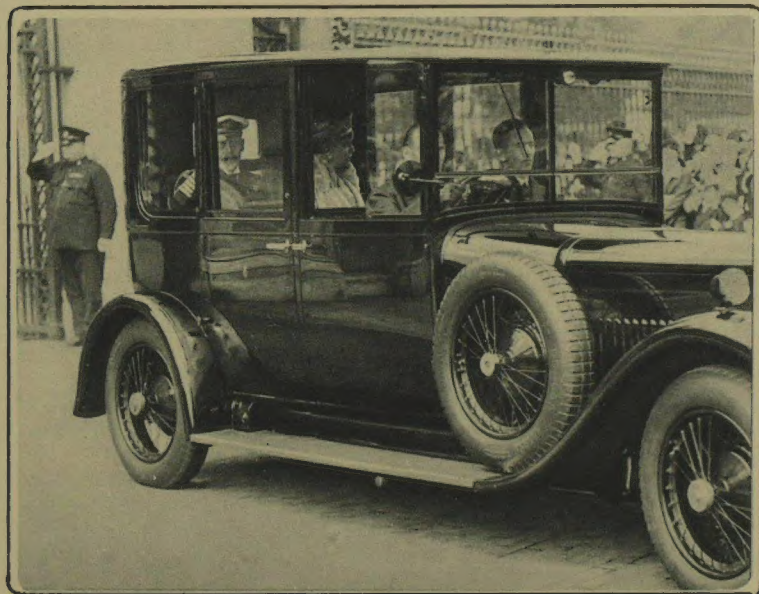
to render her uncapsizable. Her maximum speed is about 40 miles an hour, and she is intended for cruising as well as for racing. She was designed by Captain John Palethorpe, and she has a Sharland engine.—His Royal Highness's new car is one of those built to the specification of Sir Dennistoun Burnie, the designer of the airship "R101." The engine is at the back.



THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A SNAPSHOT OF SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF GUESTS "COMMANDED" BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

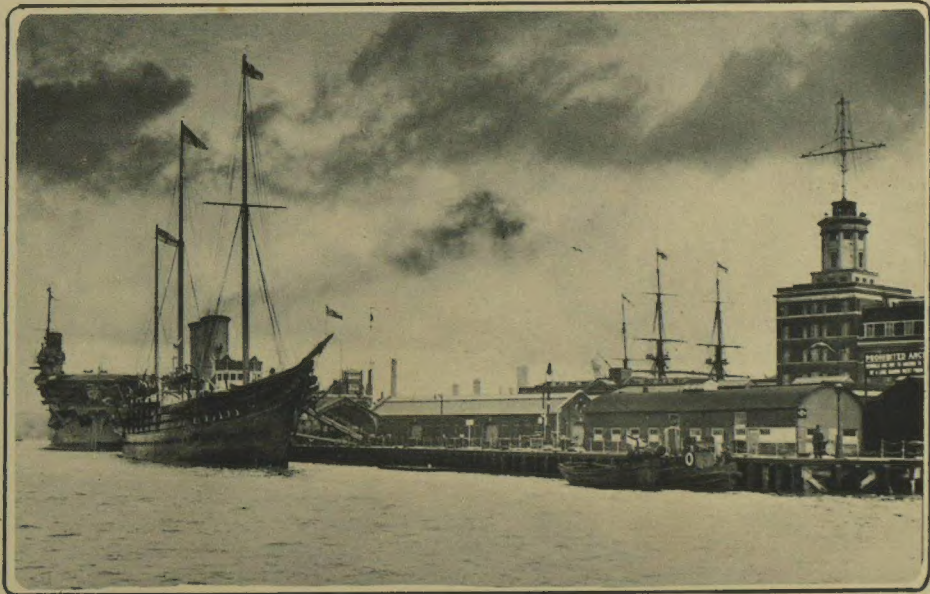
The King and Queen gave a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace on July 23. Accompanied by members of the Royal Family and by royal guests and conducted by the Great Officers of the Household and attended by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household in Waiting, their Majesties entered the garden at four o'clock. The gathering was as representative as usual. "Invitations were issued to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, with the personnel of

their Embassies and Legations, the Members of the Government and the Opposition, Ruling Chiefs of India, the High Commissioners for the Dominions Overseas, the Households of the King and Queen and of the Royal Family, and to many Peers, Members of Parliament, Officers of the Royal Navy, Army, and Royal Air Force, Members of the Civil Service, Clergy, representatives of the Musical, Dramatic, and Literary professions, and visitors from the Overseas Dominions."



THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR WAY TO COWES: THEIR MAJESTIES MOTORING FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE EN ROUTE FOR VICTORIA STATION.

As we note under our front-page illustration, their Majesties the King and Queen left London for Cowes on July 27, and have arranged to stay there until August 10. They travelled from Victoria to Portsmouth by special train. At Portsmouth they were received by Rear-Admiral



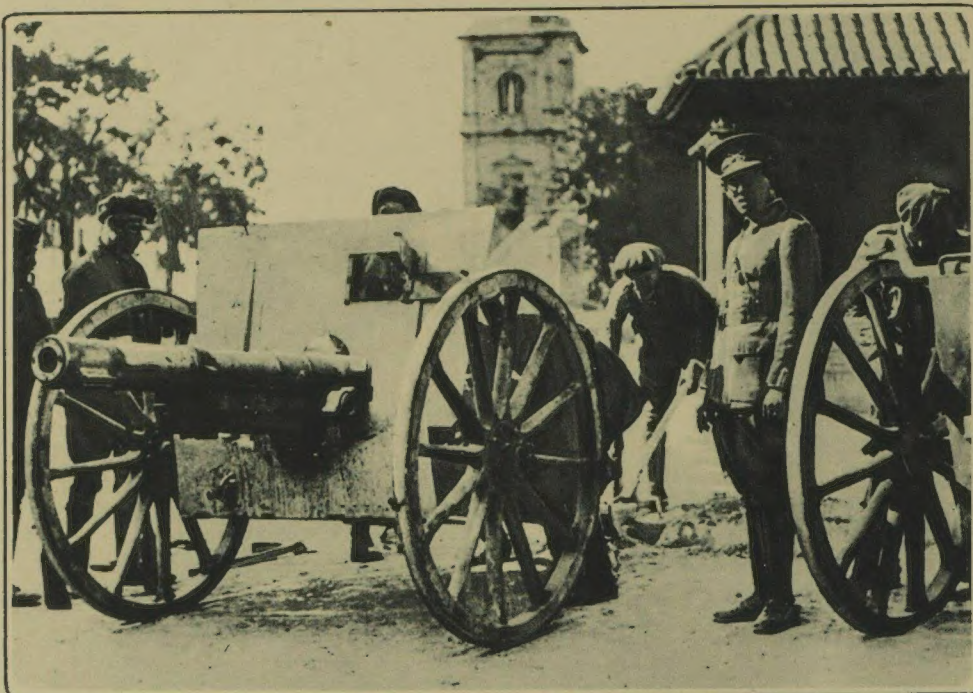
THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO COWES: THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT PORTSMOUTH, WHERE THEIR MAJESTIES EMBARKED.

Sir Herbert Meade, who is in command of the Royal Yacht; and as the King went aboard the "Victoria and Albert" the Royal Standard was broken at her main, and a Royal Salute was fired. War-ships were dressed with masthead flags when the Royal Yacht sailed for Cowes.

REPUBLICAN—AND ROYAL—SPAIN: SEVILLE FIGHTING; AND EXILE.



A GRIM MEASURE TAKEN WHEN SEVILLE WAS MENACED BY ANARCHY: A TAVERN-HEADQUARTERS OF CONSPIRATORS DESTROYED BY REPUBLICAN ARTILLERY-FIRE.



PROOF THAT THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC WILL NOT SHIRK ITS RESPONSIBILITIES: ARTILLERY EMPLOYED TO DESTROY ANARCHIST HEADQUARTERS DURING THE SERIOUS DISTURBANCES IN SEVILLE, WHERE THE AUTHORITIES SOON HAD THE SITUATION IN HAND.



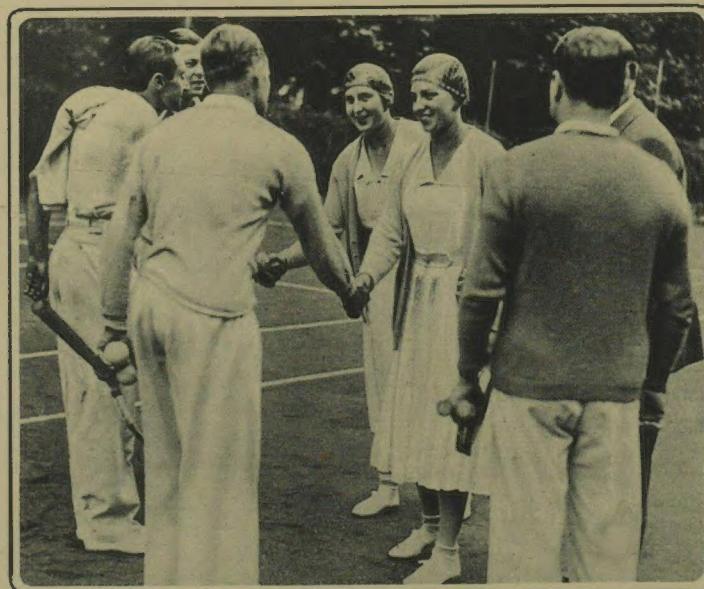
BY NO MEANS AN AFFAIR OF "COMIC OPERA": A GOVERNMENT RED CROSS DETACHMENT CARRYING TO HOSPITAL AN ANARCHIST GUNMAN WHO WAS WOUNDED IN THE RECENT FIGHTING IN SEVILLE.



AFTER A CONFLICT BETWEEN STRIKERS AND "BLACKLEG" WORKERS AT A BREWERY: A WOUNDED RIOTER CARRIED OFF BY FRIENDS.



THE REPOSEFUL EXILE OF THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY AT FONTAINEBLEAU: KING ALFONSO, QUEEN EUGENIE, AND (SECOND FROM RIGHT) THE INFANTE JAIME WATCHING A LAWN-TENNIS MATCH.



THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY IN EXILE: THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA (L.) AND THE INFANTA BEATRICE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED, SHAKING HANDS AFTER A GAME OF LAWN-TENNIS.

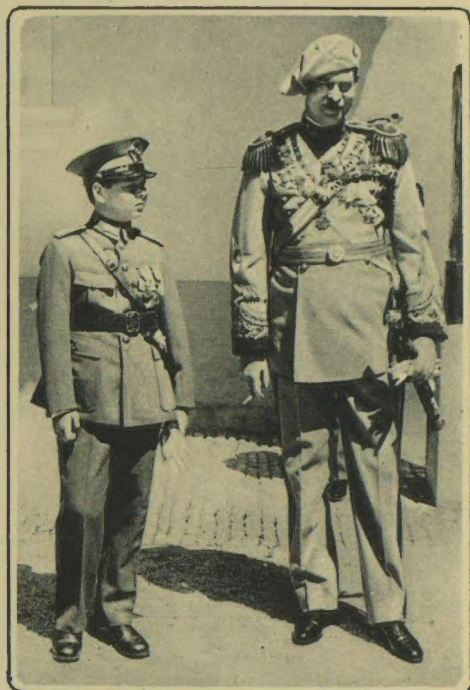
The shelling of a tavern, in the Macarena quarter, which was owned by two brothers accused of anarchy, was the most sensational happening of the recent disturbances in Seville, where the authorities have now had the situation well in hand for some time. From this tavern, which was known to be a centre of conspiracy, the police were repeatedly fired upon. At 5 p.m. on July 23, after the inhabitants of neighbouring houses had been given time to escape, artillery opened fire and destroyed the tavern with eighteen shells. The destruction was witnessed by large crowds and created a profound effect. Many of the casualties

were caused by anarchists who sniped from the flat roofs of houses. This the police countered on July 23 by establishing, at strategic points on the roofs, posts that were able to signal to aeroplanes flying overhead. In Seville, as elsewhere, it may be said that the local authorities, backed by the Provisional Government, show a fearless determination to maintain order.—With regard to the Spanish royal exiles, it should be observed that King Alfonso arrived in London from Fontainebleau on July 27. As noted on our Personal Page in this issue, his elder daughter, the Infanta Beatrice, has become engaged to Prince Alvaro of Bourbon-Orleans.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS ILEANA OF ROUMANIA AND THE ARCHDUKE ANTON OF AUSTRIA-TUSCANY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DRIVING THROUGH SINAIA AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN ROUMANIA: THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AND THE PROCESSION THROUGH SINAIA.



KING CAROL OF ROUMANIA, BROTHER OF THE BRIDE, AND HIS SON, THE PRINCE OF ALBA JULIA, FORMERLY KING MICHAEL.



THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT THE MARRIAGE SERVICE IN THE CASTLE OF PELESH, WHICH FOLLOWED THE CIVIL MARRIAGE IN THE CASTLE OF PELISHOR—ON THE BRIDE'S LEFT, KING CAROL, ONE OF HER SPONSORS.

The wedding of Princess Ileana, youngest sister of King Carol of Roumania, and the Archduke Anton of Austria-Tuscany, seventh child of the Archduke Leopold Salvator and the Archduchess Blanche of Bourbon, took place at Sinaia on Sunday, July 26. The civil ceremony was held before the Royal Family, the Minister of Justice, and the Marshal of the Court, in the Castle of Pelishor. The bride then drove with King Carol to the Castle of Pelesh; followed by the bridegroom, who was in a carriage with the Queen-Mother. The religious ceremony then took place. This was celebrated by Monsignor Cisar, the Latin Archbishop of Bucharest, in the hall of the castle. King Carol and the Prince of Hohenzollern were sponsors for the bride; and for the bridegroom his sponsors were his father and Count Guéll. Among those present were the Patriarch of Roumania, the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, and members of the Cabinet. At noon the newly-married pair, in the company of the King, the Queen-Mother, and the Prince of Alba Julia, laid wreaths in the War Cemetery; and then they went in procession through the streets of Sinaia, escorted by Lifeguards. A State luncheon followed, and after this the bride and bridegroom left for the Castle of Bran for their honeymoon. It is understood that they are to reside in Munich. Meanwhile, they



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: THE ARCHDUKE ANTON OF AUSTRIA-TUSCANY AND PRINCESS ILEANA OF ROUMANIA AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT SINAIA.

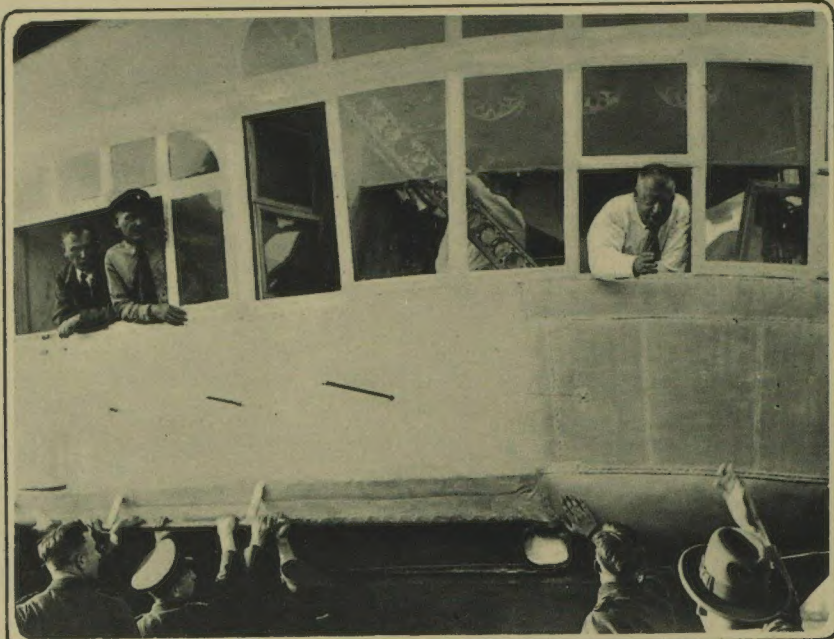
are likely to be in London on August 15, to receive the Moth aeroplane which is a wedding-gift from King Carol to his sister. The bridegroom is a very skilled airman, and he first met his bride when she was visiting his flying school at Barcelona in 1929. As recently as April of this year he won a flying trophy presented by the Municipality of Vienna. The bride herself, it will be recalled, is not only interested in flying, but is very fond of the sea. Some three years or so ago she qualified as a First Mate at the School of Navigating Officers at Constanza, showing her ability by navigating a gun-boat.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (SEEN RIGHT CENTRE) ARRIVING IN BERLIN: ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS GREETING THE PREMIER AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was given a very warm welcome on his arrival in Berlin on July 27, being greeted with such cries as "Hail!" and "Long live the friends of peace!" Later he joined Mr. Arthur Henderson, who had arrived earlier in the day. The British Ministers' visit is a sequel to that paid to London by Dr. Curtius and Dr. Brüning.



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" POLAR FLIGHT: DR. ECKENER LEAVING FOR LENINGRAD ON HIS VOYAGE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The "Graf Zeppelin" left Berlin for Leningrad on July 25, on the first stage of her Arctic flight; with Dr. Eckener in command. The airship has been altered in numerous ways for the special purposes of Arctic exploration, and the comfort of the staff and crew has been sacrificed for lightness. All preparations have been made for a possible forced landing.



THE ANTI-CHINESE RIOTS IN KOREA: A STREET IN HEIJO WITH WHITE CLOTHES THROWN OUT FROM CHINESE DRAPERS'-SHOPS BY THE KOREAN MOB.

Trouble arose in Korea early in July after Chinese settlers had attacked Korean immigrants in Manchuria. The Koreans retaliated with anti-Chinese demonstrations in Seoul and Chemulpo. At Heijo what is described as "a veritable pogrom of Chinese" took place. As many as 49 Chinese were killed and 218 injured. Some 100 rioters were arrested and 28 Japanese policemen injured. Korean mobs systematically wrecked Chinese houses, maltreating the occupants.



A "HUMAN PARCEL" EMERGING FROM THE HOLD OF A BELGIAN AIR LINER AT CROYDON: MR. LANTSCHERE, WHO TRAVELED AS A POSTAL PACKET.

Mr. Gerard de Lantscheere, a Belgian journalist, made the experiment of posting himself to London by Air Mail. He travelled with the mail-bags, in the usual windowless mail compartment of the aeroplane, being consigned as a sample "without value"! Thereby he saved himself 32 shillings on his fare; but it seems doubtful whether he can persuade the Post Office to accept him as live-stock for transmission by parcel Post!



THE INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINE ON RAILS IN FRANCE: A RAILWAY AUTOMOBILE THAT HAS PLIED BETWEEN SAINT-ARNOULT AND COLTAINVILLE.

This interesting experiment in the adaptation of the motor-bus for use on railway-lines may be recommended to English railway companies perplexed by the competition of road passenger-vehicles with their local traffic. It is stated that the "Rail-omnibus" illustrated here can attain a speed of 92 kilometres per hour (about 57 m.p.h.), and can be brought to a standstill in some 110 yards.

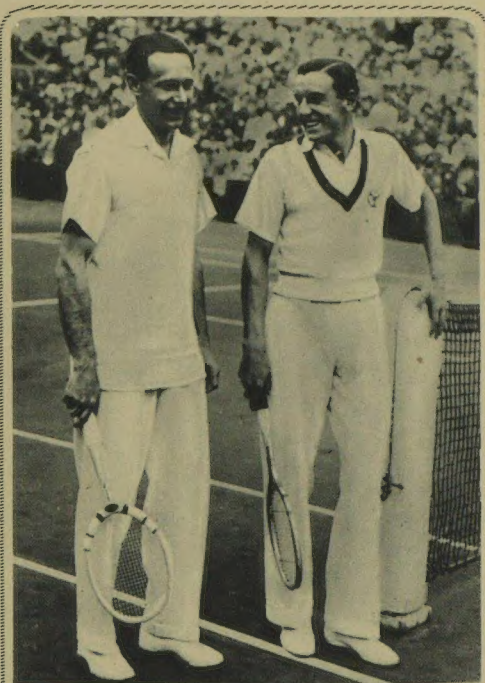


THE SUCCESSFUL NEWCASTLE AND THE NORTH PAGEANT: COURT DANCERS BEFORE THE PAVILION IN WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER COURT ARE SEATED.

The Newcastle Pageant had a great success, 60,000 persons paying for admission during the first week's performances. An Empire Fair held in conjunction, at more popular prices, achieved a like success, and on some evenings hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Financial success seemed also assured; it was even decided to give two additional performances of the pageant on July 27, so great was the eleventh-hour demand for tickets. A forty-minutes motion-picture has been made of the Pageant.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

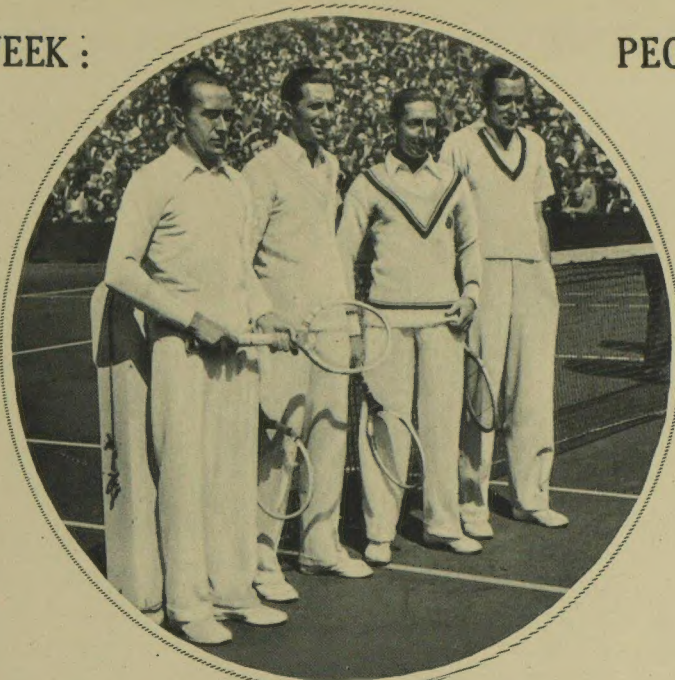
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DAVIS CUP SINGLES: F. J. PERRY (RIGHT) AND J. BOROTRA, WHOM HE BEAT—TO BE BEATEN, IN TURN, BY H. COCHET.

In the challenge round for the Davis Cup between England and France, H. Cochet beat H. W. Austin three sets to one, and F. J. Perry beat J. Borotra in the fifth set, on July 24. On July 25, in the Doubles, the French pair, H. Cochet and

[Continued above.]



THE DAVIS CUP DOUBLES—WON BY FRANCE: (L. TO R.) H. COCHET AND J. BRUGNON, THE FRENCH PAIR; C. H. KINGSLEY AND G. P. HUGHES, THE ENGLISH PAIR.

J. Brugnon, beat the English pair, C. H. Kingsley and G. P. Hughes, by three sets to one—6-1, 5-7, 6-3, 8-6. It was unfortunate that Kingsley had to face the ordeal of being called upon to play in a challenge round with a strange partner, and there were signs of faulty co-operation on the

[Continued opposite.]

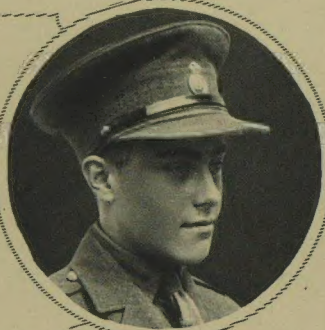


THE DAVIS CUP SINGLES: H. COCHET (RIGHT), AND H. W. AUSTIN, WHOM HE BEAT—SUBSEQUENTLY BEATING ALSO F. J. PERRY.

English side in the Doubles Match. On July 26, Austin beat Borotra (7-5, 6-3, 3-6, 7-5). He won two sets readily, but fell away in the third, then came back strongly in the fourth, when Borotra made serious mistakes. If Perry could have beaten Cochet, the Cup would have been England's.

LT. G. R. HEXT.

Attacked, with his companion, Lieut. E. M. Sheehan, while travelling to Poona by the night mail. The assailants were Indians, armed with knives, who escaped. Lieut. Hext died of his wounds. He was in the 8th Punjab Regiment.



SIR ERNEST HOTSON.

Acting-Governor of Bombay. While inspecting the Fergusson College, at Poona, on July 22, he was fired at twice by a student; but he overpowered his assailant. Appointed Acting-Governor in Sir Frederick Sykes' absence.



KING ALFONSO'S ELDER DAUGHTER, WHO IS ENGAGED: THE INFANTA DOÑA BEATRICE.

The engagement was announced in Paris, on July 26, of the Infanta Doña Beatrice, elder daughter of King Alfonso, and Prince Alvaro, eldest son of the Infante Don Alfonso of Bourbon-Orleans and the Infanta Doña Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The marriage, it is understood, will not take place until the Prince, who is twenty-one, has completed his studies at Zurich.

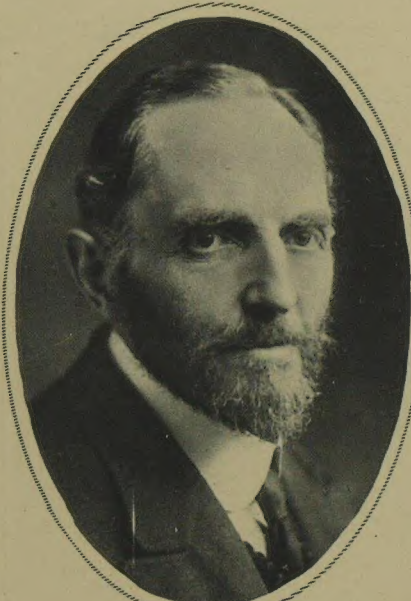
JUDGE RALPH R. GARLICK.

District Judge at Alipore, near Calcutta. Assassinated on the Bench; July 27. He was one of the senior members of the Service in Bengal. Officiated for six months as a Judge in the Calcutta High Court.



MISS DELIA CROSSLEY.

The only woman pilot to finish in the King's Cup Air Race. Although she was last at Heston on the way south, and could not expect to overtake the fast machines ahead of her, in spite of the bad weather she did not fall out.



MR. C. T. STUDD.

Well-known missionary and cricketer. Died at Ibambi, in the Belgian Congo, on July 16; aged seventy-one. Founder of the Heart of Africa Mission and President of the World-Wide Evangelization Crusade. Played in English Test Match teams, visiting Australia with the Hon. Ivo Bligh in 1882-83.



FLYING OFFICER E. C. T. EDWARDS (RIGHT), WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE; AND MR. A. C. M. JACKAMAN, WINNER OF THE TROPHY FOR FLYING CLUB MEMBERS.

The King's Cup Air Race was won on July 25 by Flying Officer E. C. T. Edwards, in Sir Robert McAlpine's Blackburn Bluebird light aeroplane, fitted with a Cirrus Hermes I. (110-h.p.) engine. The winner was the thirtieth to leave Heston, and did not gain the lead until he left Bristol on the last stage. Flight-Lieut. F. G. Gibbons was second, flying a "Spartan" with a Cirrus Hermes II. engine. Lieut. G. Rodd, R.N., was third, flying a "Puss Moth" (Gipsy III. engine). Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman, who won the Siddeley Trophy, flew a "Puss Moth" with a Gipsy III. engine.



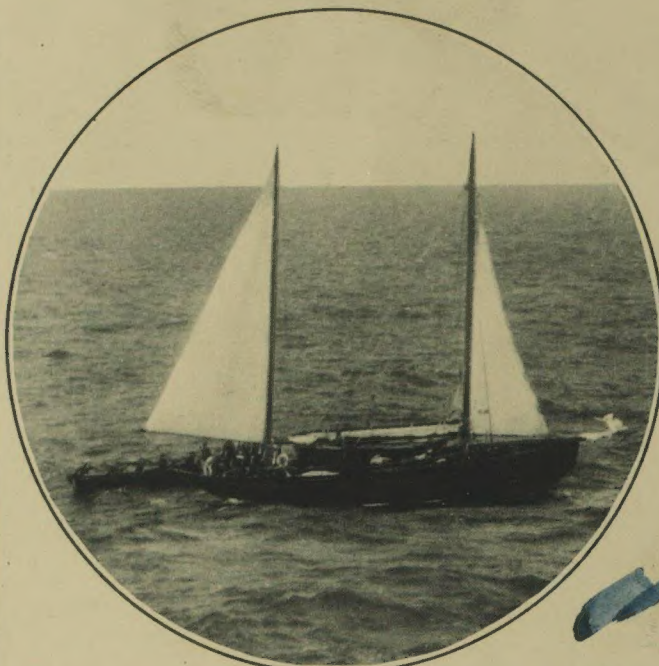
LORD KNUTSFORD.

"The Prince of Beggars," who raised some six million pounds for the London Hospital—as well as doing valuable work collecting for other hospitals. Was responsible for many reforms in hospital administration. Died July 27; aged seventy-seven. A keen deer-stalker, and an excellent shot and fisherman.

MATTERS MARITIME: THE BUSINESS—AND PLEASURE—OF THE SEA.



THE TRANSATLANTIC YACHT RACE FROM NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, TO PLYMOUTH: THE "LANDFALL," THE SCRATCH BOAT, ARRIVING SECOND AT PLYMOUTH.



THE YACHT "LISMORE," WHICH CARRIED AWAY HER MAST DURING THE TRANSATLANTIC YACHT RACE: A RESCUE-PARTY FROM THE LINER "HAMBURG" BRINGING FOOD AND PROVISIONS.



THE WINNER OF THE TRANSATLANTIC YACHT RACE: THE AMERICAN 52-FT. YAWL "DORADE" IN PLYMOUTH SOUND AFTER A 17-DAYS' CROSSING.

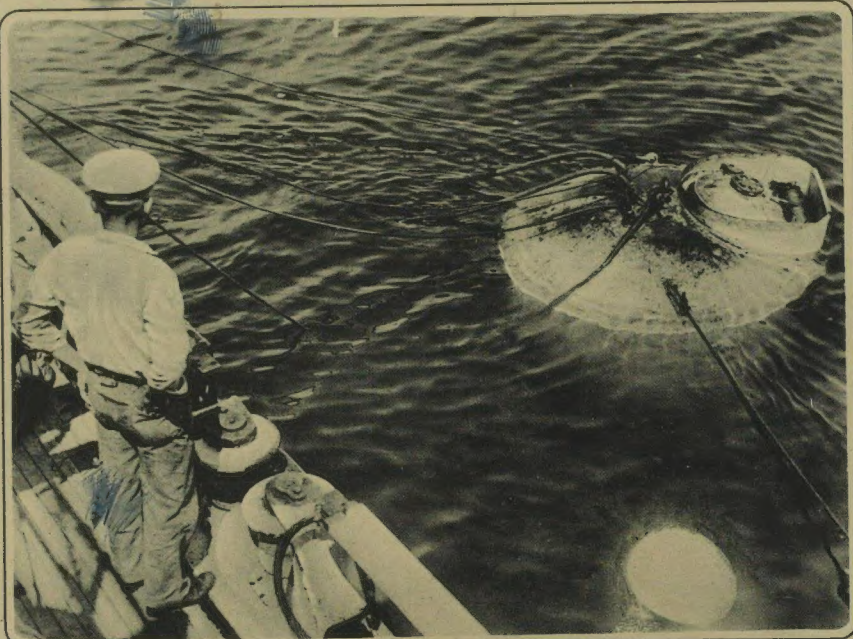
The "Dorade," a Bermudan-rigged yawl of 52 ft. overall length, owned and skippered by Mr. O. J. Stephens, of New York, arrived at Plymouth on the night of July 21, to win the Transatlantic yacht race. Crewed entirely by amateurs, she made the passage from Newport, Rhode Island, to Plymouth in a little under seventeen days. She took the northern route and experienced good weather practically all the way. The "Landfall," the largest of the ten competitors, eight of

which were American boats and two English, was the scratch boat, and she came in second—but sixth on handicap. The "Lismore" encountered heavy seas and rough weather in mid-Atlantic. Her distress signals were seen by the liner "Hamburg," which brought her provisions and took off two of the crew. A particularly interesting photograph on another page (taken from the "Hamburg") shows the liner approaching the yacht.



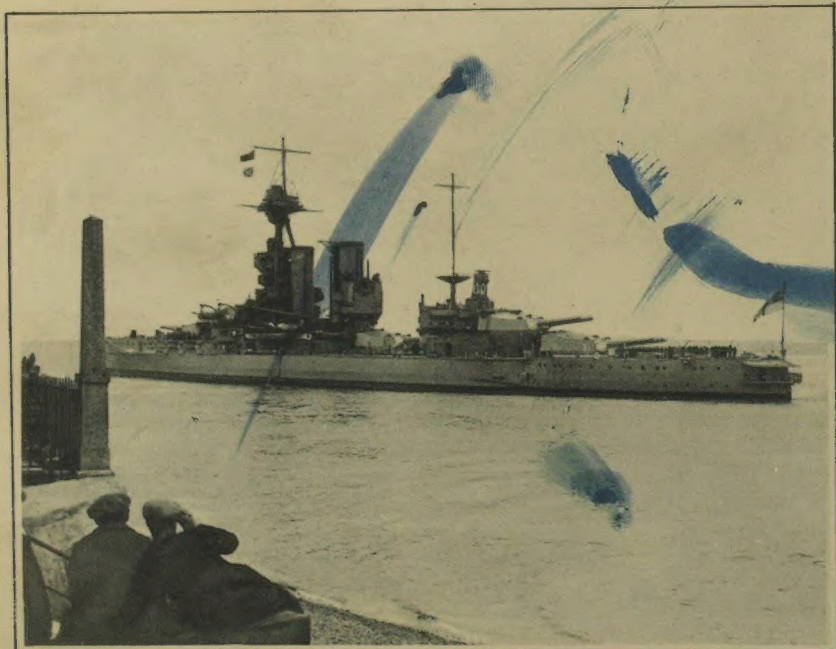
THE SUBMARINE "NAUTILUS" READY TO START ON THE FIRST STAGE OF HER VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE: SIR HUBERT WILKINS'S CRAFT AT DEVONPORT.

The damage done to the "Nautilus" during her voyage across the Atlantic having been repaired, it was arranged that the submarine should leave on the first stage of her journey to the North Pole on Tuesday, July 28, sailing for Bergen. The net result of the work on the craft, reported Sir Hubert Wilkins to the "News Chronicle," is that "in many respects the 'Nautilus' is better fitted for her voyage under the ice than she has ever been before."—The diving-bell seen in



A DIVING-BELL DESIGNED TO SAVE SUBMARINES' CREWS TRAPPED BELOW THE SURFACE: THE DEVICE IN THE WATER DURING AN EXPERIMENTAL RESCUE.

the second of these photographs is made to fit over the hatch of a submarine. During the test here illustrated, it was lowered from a tender on to the United States Navy's experimental submarine "S-4," which had been submerged to a depth of 60 ft. off Rhode Island, and was then duly manœuvred into the desired position. By means of it, two men—volunteers for the duty—were "rescued" from the motor-room of the sunken submarine.



H.M.S. "IRON DUKE" ON HER WAY TO "DEMILITARISATION": THE FAMOUS BATTLESHIP LEAVING PORTSMOUTH FOR ROSYTH, WHERE SHE IS TO UNDERGO THE REMOVAL OF HER MAIN ARMAMENT.

The battleship "Iron Duke" is one of the vessels which were due to be scrapped under the ratification of the Treaty of London. The others were the "Empress of India," the "Benbow," and the "Marlborough." The "Iron Duke" was completed in March, 1914.—A few days ago, 1000 lb. of cordite was exploded in the forward magazine of H.M.S. "Marlborough," a battleship which, as already noted, is to be scrapped. The object of the experiment, which took place in

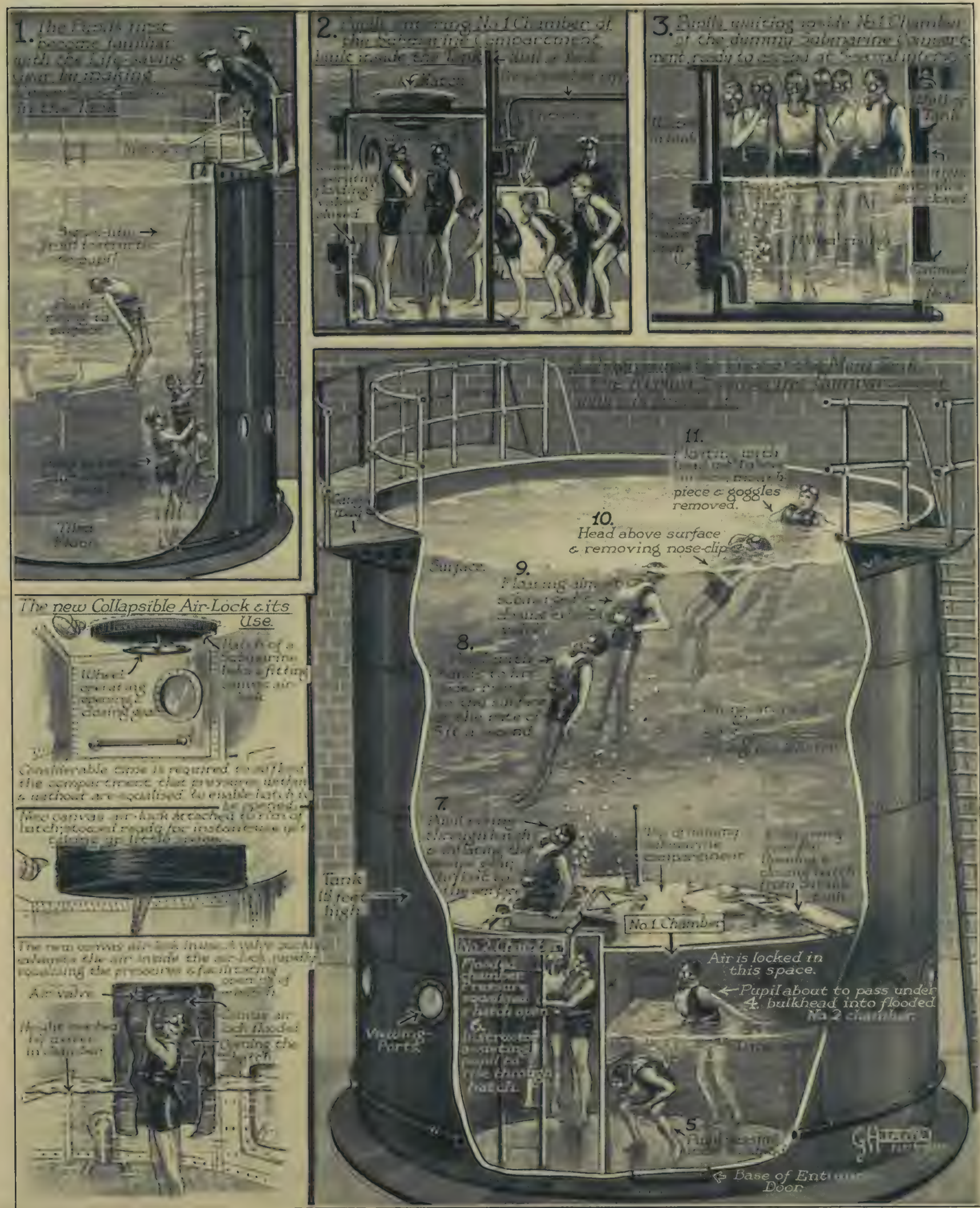


REPRODUCING THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF AN ENEMY SHELL BURSTING AMONG A WARSHIP'S AMMUNITION: THE EXPERIMENTAL EXPLOSION OF 1,000 LB. OF CORDITE IN H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH'S" FORWARD MAGAZINE.

Plymouth Sound, was to reproduce the probable effect of an enemy shell bursting among ammunition. The vessel was moored at a shallow spot, in case she should sink. As a matter of fact, she stood the shock well, and was not damaged below the waterline. Experts wearing gas-masks, who went aboard immediately, found that the decks and bulkheads of the magazine had buckled, but that the armour-plate had escaped unscathed.

THE SUBMARINE CREW'S "LIFE-BUOY"—AS DEMONSTRATED IN NAVY WEEK.

DRAWN AT PORTSMOUTH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, BY PERMISSION OF THE ADMIRALTY.



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE BRITISH SUBMARINE SERVICE BEING TRAINED IN THE USE OF THE DAVIS SUBMARINE ESCAPE APPARATUS: A WATER-FILLED TANK WITH A DUMMY SUBMARINE COMPARTMENT—AND THE NEW CANVAS AIR-LOCK.

Great interest continues to be shown in the Davis Submarine Escape Apparatus, the official device which made it possible for Chief Petty Officer Willis, and others, to escape from the sunken "Poseidon." This apparatus has been illustrated by us on several occasions; but here we show the way in which every officer, petty officer and man in the British Submarine Service is trained in its use. During Navy Week, which begins to-day, August 1, the public at Portsmouth will be able to see men undergoing this training in the special tank, as illustrated above. The pupils under instruction are first lectured on the use of the apparatus, and they then make descents and ascents in the main tank. The next stage in training involves the use of the dummy submarine compartment at the bottom of the tank.

The water-tight entry is closed on the pupils; the instructor opens the flooding valve and the water rises, compressing the air locked in the compartment under the dummy submarine's deck to the same pressure as that exerted by the weight of water in the tank. When the pressure outside and inside the dummy submarine compartment has been thus equalised, the instructor opens the hatch and the pupils are sent to the surface at intervals of five seconds, rising at the rate of 5 ft. per second. At the surface they inflate the bag of their apparatus, taking off goggles and nose-clip. The new canvas air-lock enables a man standing inside it to equalise the pressure on his body with that outside the submarine without having to wait for the water to rise in the whole compartment.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE HAWFINCH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just been spending a most restful weekend in Hampshire; amid scenes of quiet beauty, remote from road-widening schemes and the hideous noises of ceaseless motor traffic. Here I could revel

hawfinches would take no risks. They had apparently taken note of my presence from the boughs of great beech trees which towered up just outside the garden wall. Some of the bolder among them took their courage in both hands, so to speak, and silently flew down to similar rows of peas at the other end of the garden, and no effort of mine to steal gently down on them proved successful. Long before I got within useful range they were up and away to the shelter of the beeches. But happily, for me, one of these mischievous birds was shot the day before. This was a young bird—that is to say, in its immature or first plumage—and forms the subject of the accompanying photographs. From my point of view, this immature specimen is more interesting than a full-grown male would have been, since I had never before been able to examine a bird at this stage. Opportunities, indeed, for securing birds of this species in their juvenile plumage are very limited.

With the bird in my hand, the first point which struck me was the great size of the beak: and when I came to compare this with the various drawings of the hawfinch, published in books on British birds, I found that in none of them was this beak large enough, relatively, to the size of the head. It is

the upper cushion is concerned. But it is there, nevertheless, and can easily be seen on careful examination. Between the vice-like grip of these grooved cushions, the seeds are held while being split.

By some unfortunate mischance an enterprising hawfinch discovered, long since, that peas afforded a pleasant variant in their menu. I had hoped, as I say, to have the good fortune to see how the pods were rifled. But I have had to content myself with a careful examination of a handful of pods, collected for me by Captain Groome, my host. We found that they had a liking also for the pod, as well as the peas contained therein. For these pods had evidently been "chewed," generally along one half, a process which resulted in stripping the soft, sweet, outer layer of the pod from the internal, leathery lining. After this has been done, apparently, the contained peas are eaten. Some had the lower half of the pod untouched, a sign, probably, that their feast had been disturbed by someone entering the garden. They evidently have a keen sense of taste, for broad-beans seem never to be attacked, though they would furnish still more abundant meals. Some day I may succeed wherein I have so far failed, but for this success I must build a hiding-place after the fashion of the photographers who build cunningly-constructed huts of leaves and branches, to enable them to photograph birds sitting on their eggs, and feeding their young. But this means hours of patient watching and in a cramped position!

Let me conclude with a few remarks on the juvenile plumage of this bird, which is decidedly less resplendent than that of the adult. One of the most noticeable features of this plumage is the coloration of the flanks, which, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), are spotted instead of streaked, as in other immature finches. But the most striking point about the plumage of this bird is found in the remarkable form of the five innermost primaries, which have the tips curiously notched, the outer web being re-curved like a bill-hook, and the inner scalloped. In the juvenile dress, as shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), the "bill-hook" is but imperfectly developed, while the metallic steel-blue gloss of this area of the feather is, in the young bird, much less conspicuous. These feathers may well be called "ornamental," yet, so far as one can see, they are not sufficiently "ornamental" to play any part in "courtship" displays, which ornamental feathers are supposed to do. In yet another point the immature bird differs from the adult, wherein the iris is white. In the juvenile plumage-stage it is dark brown.



1. A JUVENILE HAWFINCH: A BIRD WHICH HAS A POWERFUL BEAK SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO CRACKING HARD KERNELS; IT HAS ALSO AN UNFORTUNATE FONDNESS FOR GREEN PEAS.

The upper portions of this bird's plumage—in the adult, a rich, rufous brown—are here of a dull olive and greyish-brown; the black throat of the adult is here only a dull yellow; while the flanks are spotted, instead of being streaked, as in other immature finches.

in the splendours of herbaceous borders, stroll through the farmyard and watch the ducks and chickens, or into a perfectly delightful kitchen-garden, whose massive walls were protected by a heavy roofing of thatch, peculiar to this part of the country. Fruit trees of many kinds spread their dark arms over the walls, as though to bear them up. Lavender, thyme, mint, and other herbs diffused a sweet fragrance, while roses and other gaily-tinted flowers gave relief to the background of green furnished by such mundane things as potatoes, onions, long lanes of peas, and fruit bushes.

I was not alone in my desire for solitude in this delectable garden, for birds of many kinds found it irresistible. Flycatchers and robins had their nests here, and were welcomed. But there were some whose visits, for their own sakes, should have been less constant. Blackbirds and thrushes did their best to render unavailing the nets set up for the protection of raspberries and currants; while hawfinches worked havoc among the peas. These raids brought pain and grief to my host, who finds in the bird-life of his garden a never-ending source of pleasure. But there were limits to his kindly tolerance. In sheer desperation, some effort had to be made to keep the hawfinch under control, at any rate.

When he told me of these raids I was pleased—not at the hurt that was being done to him, but at the prospect unfolded to me of seeing a hawfinch at close quarters: for this was to be a new experience to me. By force of circumstances, not of choice, a town-dweller, I have seldom been in what I may call "hawfinch country," and have only seen this bird for a few fleeting moments once or twice in my life. My desire for a closer acquaintance was in like manner felt by that most ardent of bird-lovers, the late Professor Newton, who tells us that he had not "half a dozen times had the opportunity of seeing this bird at large, and never obtained more than a momentary glimpse of it." But though, apparently, fairly common in favoured parts of the southern counties of England, this bird, owing to its wary habits, is but little known.

Full of lively hope, on Sunday afternoon I was comfortably installed at the end of two long rows of peas, where, with the aid of my glasses, I proposed to study at leisure the hawfinch's mode of attacking the great luscious pods ripening in the sun. The flycatchers returned to their hunting as soon as I had settled down. One pair went on feeding their young in a nest in the wall, almost directly over my head. Robins, hedge-sparrows, and occasional warblers came down quite close to me. But the



2. THE HAWFINCH'S BEAK, WHICH IS OF GREAT SIZE IN COMPARISON WITH THE BIRD'S HEAD: A POWERFUL PAIR OF "NUT CRACKERS," CAPABLE OF BREAKING OPEN WILD-CHERRY, HAWTHORN, AND PLUM-STONES.

an enormous beak. But here again, I am furnished with another illustration of my contention that structures which arrest the eye by reason of their conspicuous size or other peculiarity, are structures which have come into being as a response to intensive use: that is to say, of use for special and restricted activities. Now the beak of the hawfinch will do what the beak of no other finch will do. It will split open cherry-stones, the stones of the hawthorn-berries, plum, bullace, yew, and the seeds of the hornbeam. Those who will essay this feat, even with nutcrackers, will readily see that most powerful jaw muscles must accompany this great beak. And a reference to the skull will show that this is indeed the case, for it is marked by great ridges serving for the attachment of such muscles.

When I opened the mouth to inspect once more the curious, finely-grooved surface at the base of the upper jaw, and similar grooved cushions on each side of the inner side of the lower jaw, to which I drew attention many years ago, and which, if I remember rightly, I figured on this page not long since, I saw very clearly why it was that these cushions had escaped notice—till I drew attention to their existence. My discovery was first made on a skull still bearing the beak-sheath. Here, the upper cushion is conspicuous. This is by no means the case in the freshly-killed bird—at least, in so far as



3. THE WING OF A JUVENILE HAWFINCH: THREE OF THE INNERMOST PRIMARIES (A) WITH THE TIPS SHOWING THE INITIAL STAGES OF THE TYPICAL "NOTCHED" APPEARANCE. THE OUTER WEB (B) HAS NOT YET TAKEN ON THE "BILL-HOOK" SHAPE THAT IT HAS IN AN ADULT HAWFINCH.

In the juvenile bird's plumage the remarkable "notching" of the innermost primaries is less conspicuous than in the adult, but they still differ in this respect from other birds. In the adult the outer web, at its tip, is produced in a projection recalling a "bill-hook" in form.

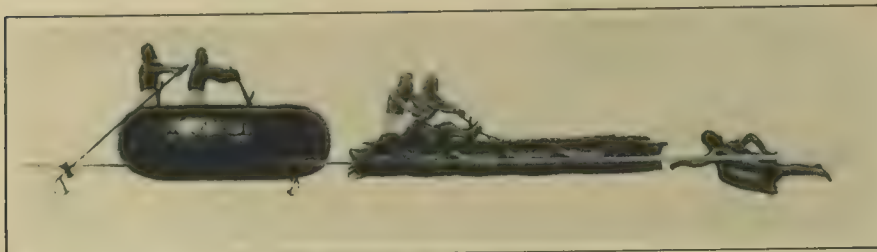
A "COWES"
OVER
SIX THOUSAND
FEET
ABOVE
SEA-LEVEL.

SENDING us this very charming snapshot, a correspondent writes: "To the Hindu goddess Naini, and the Tal, or lake, associated with her, Naini Tal, the summer headquarters of the United Provinces Government, and the permanent headquarters of the Eastern Command, India, owes its name. The station rises up the mountain sides all round the lake, which itself is 6300 feet above sea-level, a 120-acre sheet of water, about a mile long, which provides an ideal stretch for aquatic pastimes. Rowing is indulged in by all classes—Indian and European—and yachting by members of the Naini Tal Yacht Club, which stages a most popular regatta every fortnight during the season. The Yacht Club was formed in 1910; but as early as 1880 the then Commissioner of Meerut had a yacht built at and launched from the side of the lake. Some interesting competitions for trophies are carried out during the season: none more important than the Inter-Club Challenge Trophy presented by Lord Meston, which is sailed for by crews from the Royal Bombay Yacht Club and the Naini Tal Yacht Club. Two matches are sailed annually—one at Bombay and the other in the delightful setting of Naini Tal."



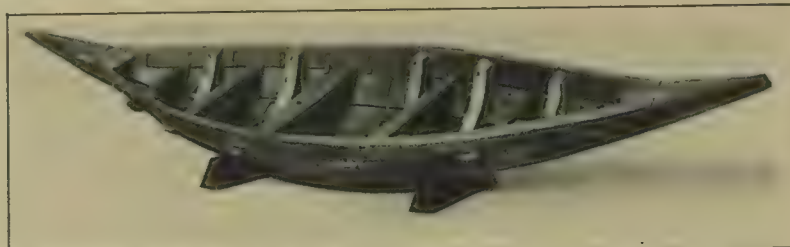
SAILING ON THE LAKE AT NAINI TAL: YACHTING AMID THE MOUNTAINS IN INDIA.

A MUSEUM'S "NAVY MONTHS": EARLY CRAFT SPECIALLY EXHIBITED.



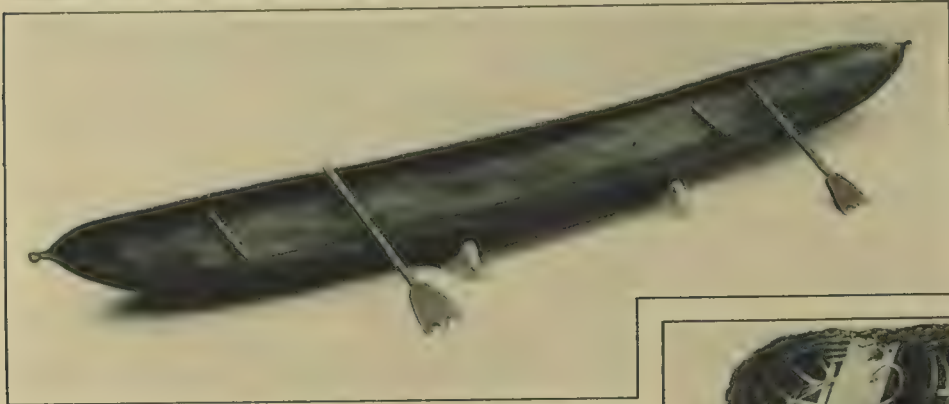
A BABYLONIAN SKIN-COVERED BASKET BOAT; A BABYLONIAN LIGHT WOODEN RAFT SUPPORTED ON INFLATED SKINS; AND A BABYLONIAN SWIMMER SUPPORTED BY AN INFLATED OX-SKIN. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)

With regard to the photograph on the left, the following notes should be given. The circular Babylonian boat was rather more advanced than the raft on inflated skins and the inflated skin for supporting a swimmer. It consisted of a huge circular basket, as much as twelve feet in diameter, which was rendered watertight by means of an outer covering of skins sewn together. These basket boats, now called "gouffas," are still in use, but, instead of the leather skins, the basket-work is covered inside and out with the native bitumen or pitch.—"For the transport of goods, inflated ox-skins were used as floats, twenty or thirty together, under a rough raft of light wooden beams. These rafts remained in common use on the Tigris right into the twentieth century, and are still employed as extemporised ferries in Northern India. The model



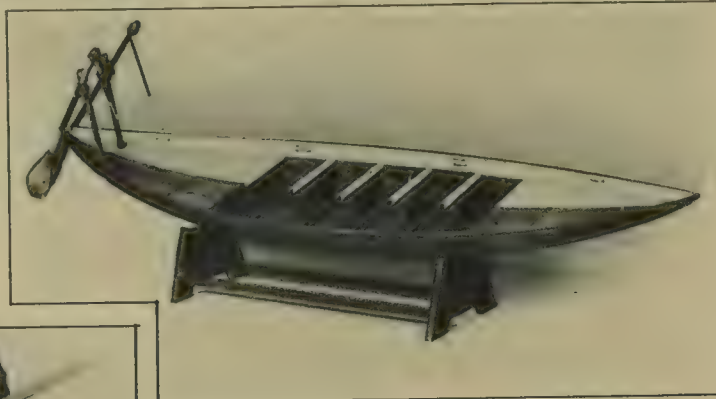
THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GANGES BOAT, WHICH IS EXTRAORDINARILY SIMILAR TO THE BOATS OF ANCIENT EGYPT; THE ONLY SERIOUS CHANGE BEING THE USE OF IRON "DOGS" AND A FEW SMALL RIBS.

is based on a Babylonian relief.—A man stretched lengthwise on an inflated ox-skin kept a great part of his body above water." The model is based on a Babylonian relief of the seventh century B.C.—The second photograph is thus described: "In construction, as well as in general form, the existing Ganges 'Dinghi' is extraordinarily similar to the boats of ancient Egypt. There are the same line of carefully laid planking along the centre-line of the bottom, the same deck-beams which project through the side planking, the same heavy wales, and the same roughly fitted skin-planking. The only serious differences are that on the Ganges iron 'dogs' or staples are now used to secure plank to plank, instead of the wooden pins and keys of the ancient Egyptians, and that the modern boat has a few small ribs, which are absent from the surviving boats of Ancient Egypt."



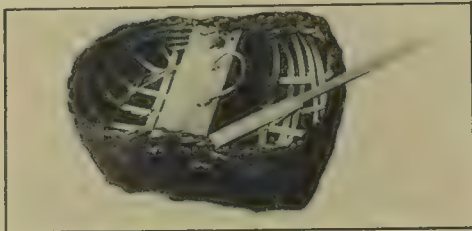
A NEW GUINEA DUG-OUT CANOE WITH PRIMITIVE RIBS: A CRAFT NOT SPREAD AFTER IT HAS BEEN HOLLOWED OUT.

In New Guinea, the dug-outs are not spread after they have been hollowed out, but a high wash-board is added to each side and this is kept in place by means of internal "L"-shaped knees. In the model, the outrigger which preserves the stability of the canoe has been removed. As to "spreading": The dug-out is filled with water, which is raised to a high temperature by dropping red-hot stones into it. The heat, the moisture, and the weight widen the canoe.



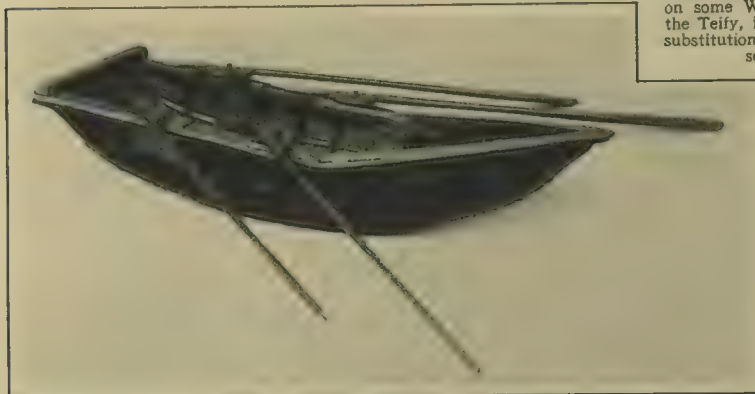
AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BOAT: A CRAFT DERIVING ITS SPOON-LIKE FORM FROM THE LONG-USED PAPYRUS CANOES.

The boats of ancient Egypt derived their spoon-like form from the papyrus canoes so long in use there. Although reliefs make them appear long and slender, they were very wide, the usual proportion being about four breadths to the length, while their section was very nearly semi-circular. As Egypt contained no large timber, a form of construction was adopted which involved nothing in the nature of keel, stem, or stern-post.



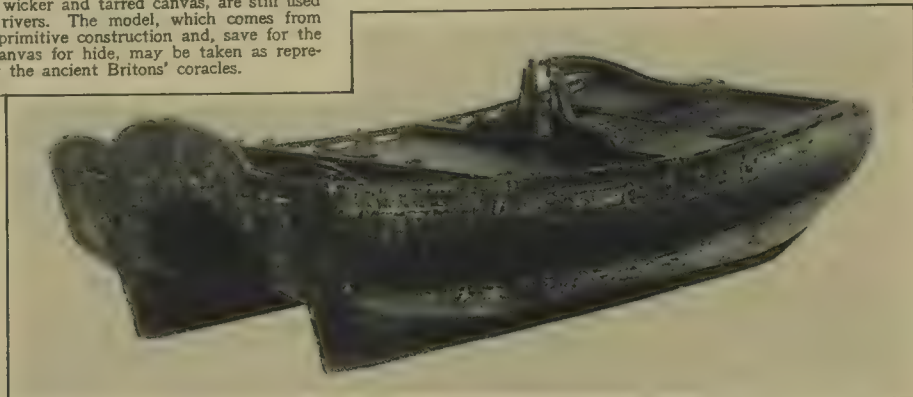
A WELSH CORACLE—RESEMBLING IN MANY RESPECTS THE SKIN-BOATS OF THE BABYLONIANS.

These vessels, of wicker and tarred canvas, are still used on some Welsh rivers. The model, which comes from the Teify, is of primitive construction and, save for the substitution of canvas for hide, may be taken as representing the ancient Britons' coracles.



AN IRISH CURRAGH: A CRAFT OF WICKER AND CANVAS WHICH IS STILL IN USE OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF TIMBER IN WESTERN CONNAUGHT.

The photograph on the left shows an Irish Curragh. This is described as follows: "Owing to the scarcity of timber in Western Connaught, these boats of wicker and canvas are still in use in the bays and inlets of that district. Originally the covering was of ox-hides, instead of

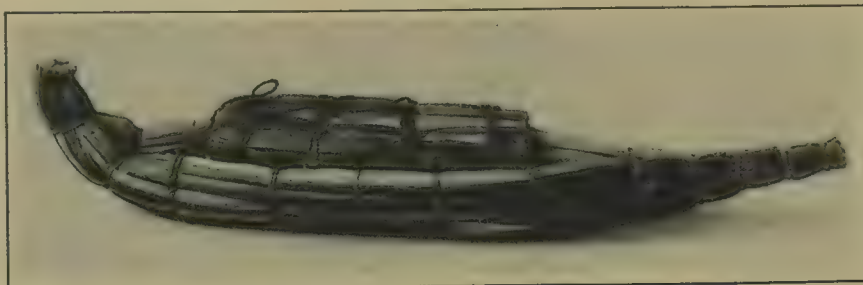


SIR WILLIAM PETTY'S "DOUBLE-BOTTOM": A DOUBLE-HULLED SAILING-SHIP INSPIRED BY THE DOUBLE CANOES DESCRIBED BY DAMPIER.

tarred canvas, and these were retained until the middle of the eighteenth century. Sufficient strength for a boat which will carry some half-dozen men is provided by the very heavy timber gunwale, but the rest of the framework is of wicker only, and there is neither keel, stem, nor stern-post."—The "Double-Bottom" is accompanied by the note: "Influenced by the double canoes described by Dampier and other explorers, Sir William Petty designed a double-hulled sailing-ship which, under the name of 'The Experiment,' was launched by King Charles II., in 1664. But it was not long before this vessel was lost in a storm in the Bay of Biscay. Petty, however, continued to advocate the use of double hulls, and while he was in Ireland in 1683 he had a model of a double-bottomed ship made, which on trial gave good results. He then proceeded with the construction of a small vessel of the same type, drawing 3.5 ft. of water but, after experiments in Dublin Bay in 1684, he reported to Samuel Pepys, then Secretary of the Admiralty, that she was a failure, owing to the rather surprising reason that she heeled over too much under sail."



A MALAYAN DUG-OUT CANOE WITH WASH-BOARDS: A CRAFT "SPREAD" BY MEANS OF HOT WET SAND OR WATER HEATED BY STONES.



A PAPYRUS-REED CANOE: A CRAFT STILL USED ON LAKE TANA, IN ABYSSINIA, AND AKIN TO CANOES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

In Malaya, a suitable log is hollowed out and carefully shaped fore and aft. It is then spread by filling with hot wet sand, or with water into which heated stones are placed. When this process is complete, stretchers are inserted in order to maintain its shape, and then the depth is increased by the addition of a wide wash-board to each side; while carefully shaped stem and stern-posts are added. These canoes are still used on Lake Tana, in Abyssinia, where the papyrus reed is common. Bundles of the reed are bound together to form a vessel pointed at both ends, which are both upturned, while the interior of the vessel is occupied by an oblong bundle of reeds which serves to keep the passengers or cargo above the water. Papyrus canoes of the same general form, and also fitted with this reed platform, were used by the Ancient Egyptians.

Navy Week begins to-day, August 1. At the end of it the Senior Service will return to its silence so far as the general public is concerned. Visitors to the Science Museum, South Kensington, however, can enjoy what we may call "Navy Months"; for a special show of "Primitive Rafts and Canoes" was opened there

on July 25 and will remain in being until September. The idea is to illustrate the successive developments by which these early craft have given rise to the built boats of modern Europe. The exhibits are in the Entrance Hall. They include some forty models and sixty illuminated photo-transparencies.

**"STARS" OF NAVY WEEK : FIGURE-HEADS—
GILT ; SPLENDID ; FEROCIOUS !**



H.M.S. "GLADIATOR": PADDLE-WHEEL FRIGATE OF THE SIXTH RATE; 1844-79.



H.M.S. "THALIA": SCREW CORVETTE; 1869-80.



H.M.S. "CADMUS": SCREW CORVETTE OF THE SIXTH RATE; 1856-79.



H.M.S. "HOGUE": 74-GUN SHIP; 1811-65.



H.M.S. "HORATIO": FIFTH-RATE SHIP; 1807-65.



H.M.S. "LION": 80-GUN SHIP; 1847-05.



H.M.S. "CENTAUR": FRIGATE; 1845-65.



H.M.S. "SPHINX": PADDLE SLOOP; 1846-81.



H.M.S. "ROYAL ADELAIDE": 110-GUN SHIP; 1828-05.

AT Plymouth during Navy Week—August 1 to August 8—the public will not only have the opportunity of seeing something of the Royal Navy at close quarters, but will be able to inspect a number of famous figure-heads which are preserved in the Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport. The figure-head was ever symbolical of the ship; and British bluejackets, having a superstitious regard for these realistic or imaginary figures, used to perform daring feats in battle to repair damage

(Continued opposite)

done to them by enemy gunfire. In "The Musician's Tale," Longfellow wrote: "High above it, gilt and splendid, Rose the figure-head ferocious"; but since his time the fashion for these fearsome or picturesque adornments has passed, and in these more prosaic days of steamers bows are usually plain. It should be added that the figure-head representing Nelson is a particularly fine example of its kind. The "Horatio" on which it had place was launched two years after Trafalgar.

THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

X.—WANTED: MORE MONEY!

AFTER great wars there ensues, almost invariably, an epidemic of finance, of which the stages are a boom, a slump, and convalescence. After the Marlborough wars came the South Sea Bubble. After Waterloo there was a boom in 1825, followed by ten years' depression; then the railway boom of the 'forties; the panic of '48; and, finally, the steady convalescence of Queen Victoria's reign, broken by the Overend Gurney and Baring crises. After the signing of the Treaty of Versailles in 1919, there followed a sham boom in 1920, which tailed off slowly into the American slump in 1929, and our own slump, beginning in 1930, in the middle of which we now lie, irritable, but, on the whole, keeping our heads. The new feature of post-war finance is that it is more international than formerly; so that we are all "in the soup" together. America has always congratulated herself hitherto on being outside European entanglements, and it is only slowly and reluctantly that her statesmen have been forced to the recognition of the fact that the United States is, for better or worse, a financial part of Europe. President Hoover is well enough informed to have foreseen that Germany was on the point of default. Cleverly, he made a virtue of necessity, and proposed an all-round moratorium, which Germany would have declared for herself without his intervention. The plain position is that Germany is being made to pay in reparations to France and England, and in the principal and interest of loans to France, England, America, and Belgium, more money than is producible in her country. A suspension of all debt payments for a year, and a stop-gap loan to Germany of £20,000,000, advanced by America, England, and France, appears to be all that is possible at present. As America refuses to discuss war-debts, and France declines to discuss reparations, the London Conference has been a disappointment, and has only been able to "plug the waste-pipe."

France has more gold in her banks than any other country, and continues to increase her hoards, at the same time keeping the biggest army in the world on a war footing. France might undoubtedly aggravate the worst crisis the world has ever seen by refusing to join in any plan to help Germany, though President Hoover is of opinion that, if put to it, America and England can save the situation without France. But is France likely to isolate herself and to defy the public opinion of the civilised

world, as expressed by the League of Nations? It does not seem to me to be like France to outrage the feelings of her neighbours in that way, for the French nation has always shown itself to be sensitive to the point of touchiness as to what others think of her.

Is the prevailing opinion in England pro-French or pro-German? It is impossible to dogmatise on the point; nor are articles in the Press safe guides. Most of my friends, who are engaged in politics, and therefore bound to keep in touch with the views of electors, tell me that the predominant

that they yield no profit to their producers. What is the cure?

The Macmillan Commission has produced a Report which is so technical that it must be "caviare to the general." For myself, much of it is as unintelligible as if it were written in Chinese. I gather that, in the opinion of these pundits, the Bank of England should be allowed to issue more notes to the extent of £40,000,000, and that credit facilities should be extended. My experience is that the banks lend money readily enough, where there is good security; and if the security is bad the banks are risking the money of their depositors, as well as the reputation of our commercial system. What is wanted is not credit, but customers. What good, for instance, would it do to a rubber company whose capital is running out fast to get a loan from its bank to enable it to go on selling at three-pence rubber which costs 5d. or 6d. a lb. to produce? It would only prolong the agony.

Mr. Amery proposes a new way of creating money, or, rather, the return to an old way, namely, the adoption of bimetalism. He points out that all the gold is in the hands of a comparatively small number of Western nations, viz., England, America, Belgium, Germany, France, Holland, and Sweden. When the Eastern nations want to buy English goods they have to purchase sovereigns, or gold

bills, with depreciated and fluctuating silver. If silver were monetised (that is, made legal tender), it would apparently increase the purchasing power of India and China, two of the largest markets. Bimetalism was fashionable towards the end of last century, and its most popular advocate was the late Lord Chaplin.

I was sitting behind Mr. Chaplin in the House of Commons while he made a long and famous oration on bimetalism. Sinking back on the front bench (he was a heavy man) and wiping his brow, he said to Mr. Balfour—

"How did I do, Arthur?"

"Splendidly, Harry, splendidly!" was the answer.

"Did you understand me, Arthur?"

"Not a word, Harry, not a word."

Let us hope that Mr. Amery knows more than Lord Balfour about bimetalism.



FAIRFORD CHURCH, WHOSE ROOF IS THREATENED BY THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC GEM WHICH IS CELEBRATED FOR ITS MAGNIFICENT STAINED GLASS.

About £3000 is required to remedy the destruction wrought in the roof-timbers of the church by the death-watch beetle. Dr. A. C. Headlam, the Bishop of Gloucester, has pointed out that this sum is too heavy a load to be borne by a single parish of little more than 1200 inhabitants; and he desires to appeal to a wider circle, indeed, to all lovers of beautiful monuments, to help with the restoration of a building "that is nothing less than a national inheritance." Subscriptions may be addressed to

Mr. E. Christian Young, Hon. Secretary, Fairford Parochial Church Council, Gloucestershire.

Photograph by Sydney Pitcher, F.R.P.S.

feeling, particularly amongst the working classes, is pro-German and anti-French; and that is my own conviction. There is the sentiment that the Germans are unduly handicapped, by the fears and jealousy of the French, in sincere efforts to rehabilitate their country. That is quite enough to rouse the sympathy of the British masses, though, if it should turn out that the Germans are bluffing and exaggerating their distress for the purpose of driving a better bargain with their creditors, the revulsion of feeling will be sharp, and disastrous to Germany.

What is wanted is more money in the world, and money can only be created by new credit. It is not more commodities that are wanted, for there are at present more commodities than can find buyers. It is money to buy those surplus products that is the desideratum. Tea, rubber, sugar, tin, copper, nitrate, are all being produced in such quantities

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE AT SEA: SIGNIFICANT MEETINGS.



FLYING-BOAT AND OCEAN LINER: "DO-X" (SEEN FROM THE DECK OF THE "LUTETIA") SWEEPING OVER THE ATLANTIC WHILE CROSSING AT 113 M.P.H.—THE DRAUGHT CREATED BY HER TWELVE PROPELLERS RAISING A PERCEPTIBLE WAVE IN THE WATER BELOW HER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. GENZONE.



OCEAN LINER AND SAILING VESSEL: THE "HAMBURG" APPROACHING THE "LISMORE," ONE OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE RECENT TRANSATLANTIC YACHT-RACE, WHICH HAD LOST HER MAINMAST AND HAD RUN SHORT OF FOOD WHEN THE LINER RELIEVED HER OF TWO OF HER CREW.

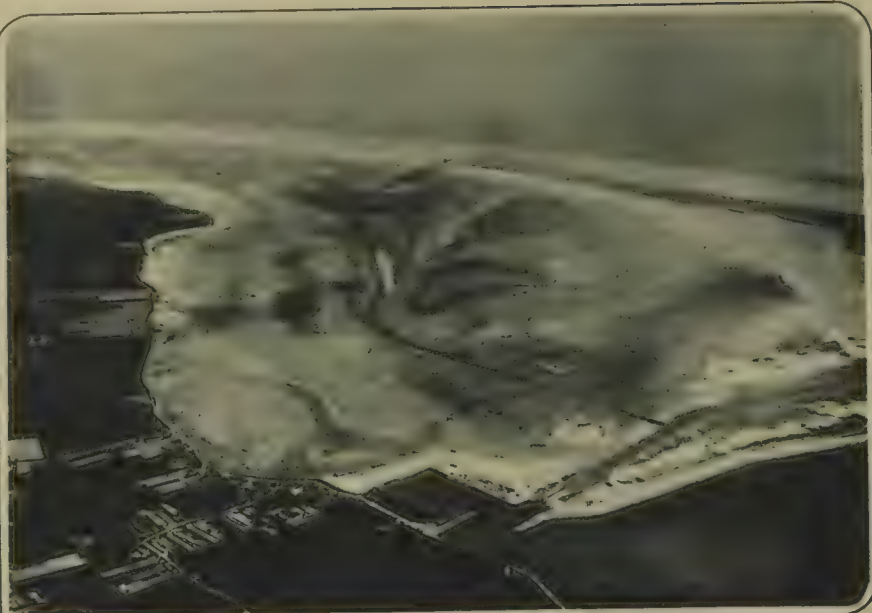
Columbus left Palos, in Spain, on his first Transatlantic voyage on August 3 and sighted an island off America on October 12—so his crossing took him rather over two months. John Cabot reached Cape Breton Island from England after fifty-two days' sail. Among steamships, the early performance of the little "Sirius" was remarkable; in 1838 she reached New York from London in seventeen days. The "Great Western" reached New York from Bristol in fifteen days. Modern achievements entirely overshadow these modest pioneer records: not only have novel or improved means of propulsion made speeds hitherto undreamed of possible, but the recent Transatlantic yacht-race showed that the art of sailing has advanced together with the more mechanical

side of seamanship. The winner of this race—the 52-ft. yawl "Dorade"—reached Plymouth from Newport, Rhode Island, in seventeen days—that is to say, in approximately the same time as the nineteenth-century steamship "Sirius" already mentioned, though the "Sirius" made a longer trip. The liner "Hamburg," which is seen above approaching to give assistance to a competitor in the Transatlantic yacht-race, represents a class of vessel which has reduced the scheduled crossing of the Atlantic to times often under five days. Significantly, in the first illustration, the liner is being overtaken by the giant flying-boat. With an average speed of 113 m.p.h., "Do-X" flew from Cape Verde Islands to Fernando Noronha in 12 hours 26 minutes.

THE CREATION OF A POLDER: CONJURING A PROVINCE FROM THE ZUIDER ZEE.



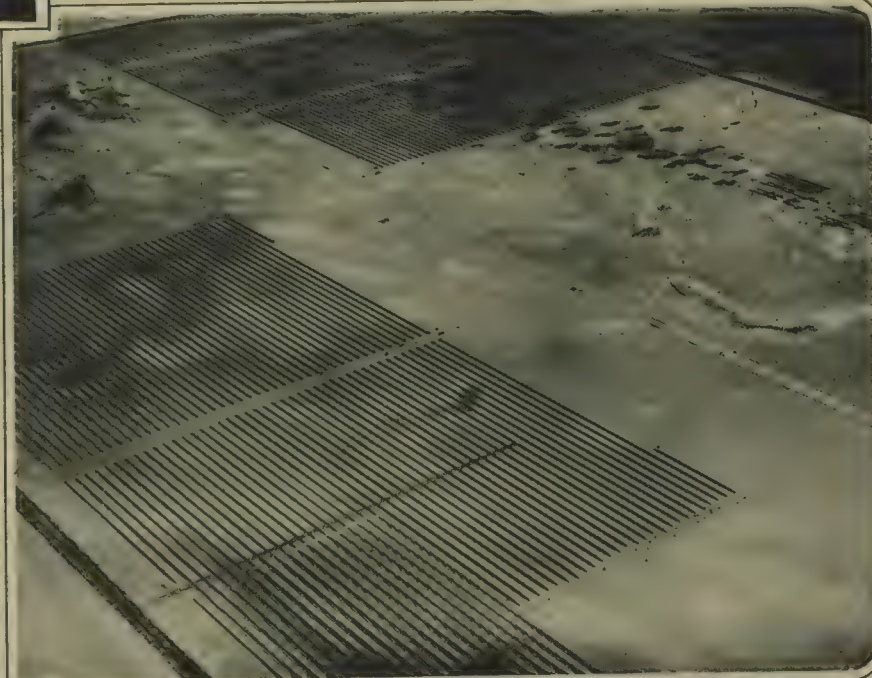
THE FIRST GROUND RECLAIMED DURING THE CREATION OF THE WIERINGERMEER POLDER: BY THE DYKE; SHOWING THE FALLING WATER ON THE WIERINGERMEER IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE ZUIDER ZEE BEYOND.



GROUND RECLAIMED BY PUMPING DURING THE EARLIER STAGES OF THE CREATION OF THE WIERINGERMEER POLDER: A VIEW NEAR HAUKES (LEFT FOREGROUND); SHOWING (BACKGROUND) PART OF THE DYKE NEARING COMPLETION.



MAKING THE RECLAIMED SEA-BED SUITABLE FOR CULTIVATION AND HABITATION: A MECHANICAL EXCAVATOR AT WORK IN A RECOVERED AREA, DIGGING DITCHES FOR DRAINAGE PURPOSES.



MAKING RECLAIMED LAND SUITABLE FOR CULTIVATION AND HABITATION: ROWS OF DITCHES DUG IN THE RECOVERED GROUND—PART OF 25,000 MILES OF SUCH TRENCHING.



THE DRAINAGE OF THE RECLAIMED LAND: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING DITCHED GROUND ON THE RIGHT—AND, ON THE LEFT, GROUND STILL UNTRENCHED; A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST MONTH.



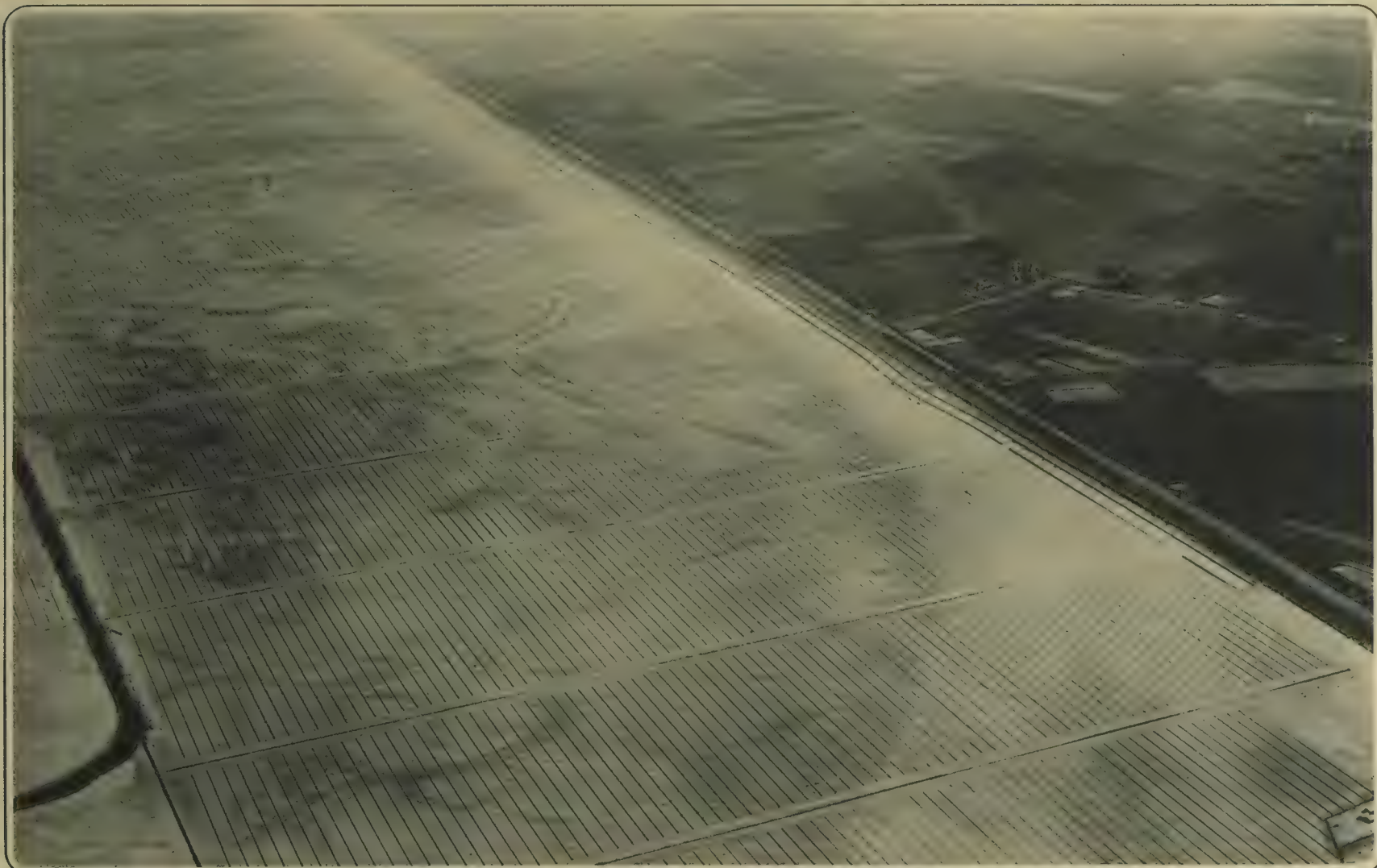
RECLAIMED LAND ALREADY UNDER CULTIVATION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A SECTION OF THE RECOVERED WIERINGERMEER AREA; WITH FERTILE GROUND AND GROUND STILL TO BE MADE FERTILE.

From time to time, we have illustrated that land-reclamation scheme which was inaugurated in June, 1918, for the purpose of forming a new Province of the Netherlands by draining 523,000 acres of the Zuider Zee. Work on this began in 1924; and it has been estimated that it will occupy fifteen years all told. Here we show stages in the creation of the polder called Wieringermeer, which may be taken as typical of all the reclamation work—and, in fact, its area will

be 48,000 acres—nearly nine per cent. of the whole scheme. The working plan was (1) to erect dams which would cut off the Zuider Zee from the areas destined to be freed from the waters; (2) to embank the selected areas; (3) to drain those embanked areas and make them suitable for cultivation and for habitation. In the case of the Wieringermeer polder, the removal of the sea-water entrapped between the enclosing embankments of the area is performed by two pumping-stations; the "Lely," near Medemblik, and the "Leemans," near Den Oever. These two stations, working together, can remove 380,000 gallons of water a minute, in normal circumstances. With regard to the question of the future use of the reclaimed land, we quote an official Dutch publication, in which it is written: "It is evident that after the entrapped water has been removed, and the sea-

[Continued opposite.]

TURNING THE SEA-BED INTO A DUTCH PROVINCE: CREATING A POLDER.



A SMALL PART OF THE LAND RECLAIMED FROM THE ZUIDER ZEE FOR THE CREATION OF THE WIERINGERMEER POLDER: A RECOVERED AREA RETAINING THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SEA-BED'S SURFACE (THE LIGHT SECTION, WITH ROWS OF DRAINAGE-DITCHES CUT IN IT); AND THE FORMER COASTLINE OF NORTH HOLLAND.



THE NEWLY-CREATED WIERINGERMEER POLDER: A VIEW—WITH MEDEMBLIK IN THE FOREGROUND—SHOWING THE SOUTH-EASTERN SECTION OF THE RECLAIMED AREA; AND (IN THE CENTRE) THE PUMPING-STATION, "LELY," WHICH, WITH ITS COMPANION, "LEEMANS," CAN REMOVE 380,000 GALLONS OF WATER A MINUTE.

Continued. bottom in the embanked area has emerged, much work will have to be done to make the soil suitable for cultivation and for habitation. Besides the construction of roads, this work includes the excavation of feeding drains with a total length of about 750 miles, and of ditches with a total length of about 25,000 miles: (i.e., equal to the circumference of the earth) if the distance of the ditches

is to be 16½ feet. . . ." As recently as the end of last year, it was reported that the first polder on the reclaimed land had been opened, and that seed was being sown. In the middle of June, it was announced that the closing of the Zuider Zee by the main dyke from North Holland to Friesland was proceeding and, unless unexpected difficulties arose, would be finished by the end of the summer.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AT the outset of Navy Week

it may not be amiss to indicate how readers can assist this annual tribute to the great Service on which, in the words of King Edward, "under the good providence of God" the welfare of this realm depends. During the week, the ships at Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Chatham will be open to the public, and the proceeds are devoted to Naval charities. As a lover of the West Country, I trust that holiday-makers there will not forget the attractions of Plymouth, with its beautiful harbour and romantic associations, but will roll up in their thousands to see the successors of the ships which Drake led against the Armada.

These remarks are suggested by an interesting little book called "H.M.S. RODNEY." The Story of an Immortal Name. By C. R. Benstead, Inst.-Lieut.-Commander, R.N., author of "Retreat." Illustrated (Sellicks; Plymouth; cloth, 2s. 6d.; limp covers, 1s. 6d.). It will be on sale at the ship's bookstall in the *Rodney*, and all profits will be included in her contribution to the charitable fund. The author describes the ship and her three predecessors, named after the same great Admiral, and touches on his character and career. He writes both of past and present conditions of the Service in a lively style that stimulates the reader to learn more, and brings home what the Navy stands for in our history.

Allusions to the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, in which Lord Rodney played so brilliant a part, bring me to the reminiscences of an English seafaring man of the period, who was captured by the French. I refer to "THE DIARY OF PETER BUSSELL" (1806-1874). Edited by his great-grandson, and now first published. With illustrations from the original drawings by the author (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.). The diarist was master and apparently part-owner of a small trading vessel, which was captured by a French privateer on Feb. 22, 1806, while bound from Weymouth to London. "I parted," he writes, "from a fond wife and two young children, with the greatest spirits, not dreaming how soon the fate of a cruel war would upset my well-planned schemes." He was taken to Cherbourg, and spent the next eight years, during which he received news of his wife's death, as a prisoner-of-war, in various places in France. After his release on the accession of Louis XVIII., he and his children met as strangers to each other.

Peter Bussell's journal is written in a plain, matter-of-fact style, and in a pious spirit of resignation and endurance. As a first-hand description of the life of prisoners in revolutionary France, it makes a notable addition to the records of the period. "Three and a half years of his imprisonment" (we read) "were passed at Arras, and his description of the town as it then was, and his own experience of it, strike a responsive note in the hearts of everyone who knew it during the Great War. He complains bitterly of the treatment meted out to the prisoners by the gendarmes, and the soldiers of their guard, but gratefully acknowledges the almost universal kindness of civilians, and, with a few exceptions, the consideration and justice of the military officials."

From a book picturing some of the results of the French Revolution, I turn to a new biography of a man who, in the world of thought and theory, is counted among its principal causes, namely "ROUSSEAU," By C. E. Vulliamy. With Portrait Frontispiece (Bles; ros. 6d.). In some sense, I suppose, Rousseau might be called the father of modern revolutionary ideas, and, although superseded among the Bolsheviks by Karl Marx and Lenin, he remains a figure and a social force which it befalls the present generation to understand. On the personal side, his character, sometimes attractive, sometimes repellent, but, never commonplace, provides a fascinating study both to the psychologist and the general reader. Mr. Vulliamy, who is quite at home among the men and movements of the eighteenth century in France (as witness his previous memoir of Voltaire), has here portrayed the author of the *Contrat Social* and the famous *Confessions* in a vivacious manner well suited to modern taste.

It is interesting nowadays to recall Rousseau's social principles and to speculate on what his attitude might have been at Moscow in 1917. He had a regard for private liberty and possessions which would hardly have found favour there. "The idea in Rousseau's mind," writes Mr. Vulliamy, "is that men are born with the right to social and political freedom, and yet they are everywhere in servitude. . . . It is the purpose of the *Social Contract*

to seek the means by which the state of suffering humanity is to be alleviated. Nor is it safe to say that Rousseau would have repudiated the horrors of 1793, for he himself does not hesitate to recommend the penalty of death. . . . What then is the fundamental problem of the *Social Contract*? 'To find a form of association which defends and protects the goods and the person of each associate with the whole of the common force, and by which each one, united to all, yet obeys only himself and remains as free as before.'"

I come now to a quartet of notable books on Bolshevik Russia relating to different periods since the Revolution and describing various phases thereof. Unique among such works is "I WENT TO RUSSIA." By Liam O'Flaherty. With Frontispiece Portrait of the Author (Cape; 7s. 6d.). I have called Mr. O'Flaherty's delightful book unique, because he does not deal in horrors, but manages to extract humour from a country which in most writers provokes unrelieved gloom. He travelled on a Bolshevik propaganda ship to Leningrad, and after some stay there proceeded

they could possibly be in Soviet Russia, is hopeless. . . . They are all more or less adherents of the capitalist class, even ones like Mr. Shaw, who amuse themselves by claiming an alliance with socialist ideas."

In contrast to the almost rollicking atmosphere of Mr. O'Flaherty's book, which relates, of course, to the present day, is another story of personal experience that takes us back eleven years to the time of the Terror, namely: "THE WAY OF BITTERNESS," Soviet Russia in 1920. By Princess Peter Wolkonsky. With fifteen Illustrations. With an Introduction by Col. John Buchan, M.P. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). This book is a record of a wife's extraordinary courage and devotion. Princess Wolkonsky had managed to get out of Russia in 1919 and came to England to see her daughter by a former marriage. She then returned, in circumstances of the utmost danger, to rescue her husband. Then followed many months of peril and privation. With the aid of Maxim Gorky and the late M. Krassin, she eventually succeeded in securing her husband's release from prison at Moscow. As a qualified doctor, she then worked in a hospital at Leningrad until finally they were able at last to cross the frontier into Esthonia. The bare statement of these facts conveys no idea of the hardships, the constant succession of alarms, and escapes from imminent disaster. Mr. John Buchan describes it as "the most vivid picture I know of the chaos of Russia in 1920."

This book also gives remarkable glimpses of literary life in revolutionary Russia. For one thing, the actual release of Pierre (Prince Peter Wolkonsky) was due, so to speak, to a literary cause. Dzerjinsky was induced to sign the order for release by being reminded of Nekrass-off's poem, "Russian Women," telling how a former Princess Wolkonsky had followed her conspirator husband to Siberia in 1825. While in prison Prince Peter had been set to work at a Soviet institution organised by Gorky for the benefit of literary people in distress. "Under the thin pretext of translating all the literary masterpieces of the whole world, a small allowance was doled out to those Russian writers who would otherwise have been on the brink of starvation. . . . Pierre had also applied for work, and had been given *Endymion* to translate. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' What would Keats have said had he seen what an instrument of torture had been made out of his beautiful poem!"

Yet another pen-picture of the Russian upheaval, at an earlier stage, is drawn in "TROUBLOUS TIMES." Experiences in Bolshevik Russia and Turkestan. By Captain A. H. Brun, Danish R.F.A. Late Aide-de-Camp to H.M. the King of Denmark. With twenty-eight illustrations (Constable; 12s. 6d.). The author arrived in Petrograd in October, 1917, as Delegate to the Concentration Camp Department there, under an agreement whereby Denmark undertook to protect the legal interests of Austro-Hungarian prisoners-of-war in the Russian dominions. Later he carried on similar work for a year-and-a-half in Turkestan. Even his position as an accredited representative of a neutral country did not save him from arrest (at Tashkent) and he was for a time in danger of summary execution. Then he was brought to Moscow, and was eventually allowed to leave by way of Poland. Captain Brun's narrative makes a thrilling tale of adventure. "Much has been written," he says, "of the horrors of the French Revolution; but the number of

guillotines in France was probably not more than twenty at the most, and the populace as a whole were not then armed, whereas Russia had revolvers and rifles by the million, each of them 'doing duty,' so to speak, as a guillotine." The result was "a delirious orgy of blood and murders."

One specially pitiful aspect of the Russian scene, since the Revolution, has been the problem of the vagabond children—a subject which has been treated before now in these pages. The extent of this “plague” and the inadequate steps taken to cure it, are fully made known in a little book of poignant interest, called “DESERTED.” The Story of the Children Abandoned in Soviet Russia. By Vladimir Zenzinov. Translated by Agnes Platt (Herbert Joseph; ss.). As the author points out, his object is “purely humanitarian,” and he hopes that his book may prompt the European and American public to organise help on a great scale, as was done during the Russian famine of 1921-2. The conditions, as here described, far transcend anything that Dr. Barnardo ever found in the East End of London at its worst.

C. E. B.

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A DOCUMENT OF OUTSTANDING SHAKESPEAREAN INTEREST WHICH IS AMONG THE LITERARY TREASURES THE FRIENDS OF THE NATIONAL LIBRARIES HOPE TO PURCHASE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE REFERENCE (STARRED) TO SHAKESPEARE'S "VENUS AND ADONIS," "LUCRECE," AND "HAMLET," MADE BY GABRIEL HARVEY—ONE OF THE FEW INSTANCES IN WHICH THERE IS A RECORD OF SHAKESPEARE HAVING BEEN MENTIONED IN HIS OWN LIFETIME.

The book in which Gabriel Harvey, friend of Spenser, wrote his marginalia is a Speght's Chaucer (1598). An appeal is being made by the Friends of the National Libraries for £1500 in order that they may be able to purchase this and other manuscripts (among them a Goldsmith letter of the first interest) for the British Museum. The society has already collected over £750 from its members. The Chairman of the society is Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, and its executive committee includes such well-known men as Viscount Esher, Mr. M. R. James, Professor A. F. Pollard, Sir Robert Witt, and Mr. C. T. Hagberg Wright.

to Moscow. Both on board ship and in these cities he talked and argued with all sorts and conditions of Bolsheviks. These conversations he records with infinite zest, as well as amusing incidents of travel and visits to sundry institutions. He writes for the most part in a vein of light irony, with intervals of serious reflection. His mood frequently changes, and his attitude towards the Soviet system alternates between admiration and repulsion. The book is intensely personal, and entirely free from prejudice or partisanship ; at the same time, it is full of shrewd criticism and descriptive power.

Particularly intriguing, to a scribe like myself, is his account of the regulations governing the work of writers and the general conditions in the Russian literary world. One passage has a topical interest in view of Mr. Bernard Shaw's recently announced visit to Russia. Talking with a member of the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, Mr. O'Flaherty said: "I feel sure that your effort to make use of intellectuals who earn their living under capitalism, who are better off under capitalism than

The Navy in the Eighteenth Century: Brooking Sea-Pieces.



"CALM": A FINE WORK BY CHARLES BROOKING.



"IN THE ROADS": A TYPICAL PICTURE BY CHARLES BROOKING, THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH SEA-PAINTER OF HIS PERIOD. With Navy Week in being, additional interest attaches to these fine paintings by Charles Brooking (1723-1759), in that they show ships of the English Navy of the eighteenth century. The artist is represented in the National Gallery and in the Tate.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING, ADMIRAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

This portrait of the King as a yachtsman was painted for the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which his Majesty is the Admiral, and it now has honoured place in the Castle. We are glad to be privileged to reproduce it in colours at a moment that may well be deemed most appropriate, the eve of Cowes Week having arrived. His Majesty sat for it during last Cowes Week.

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BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.

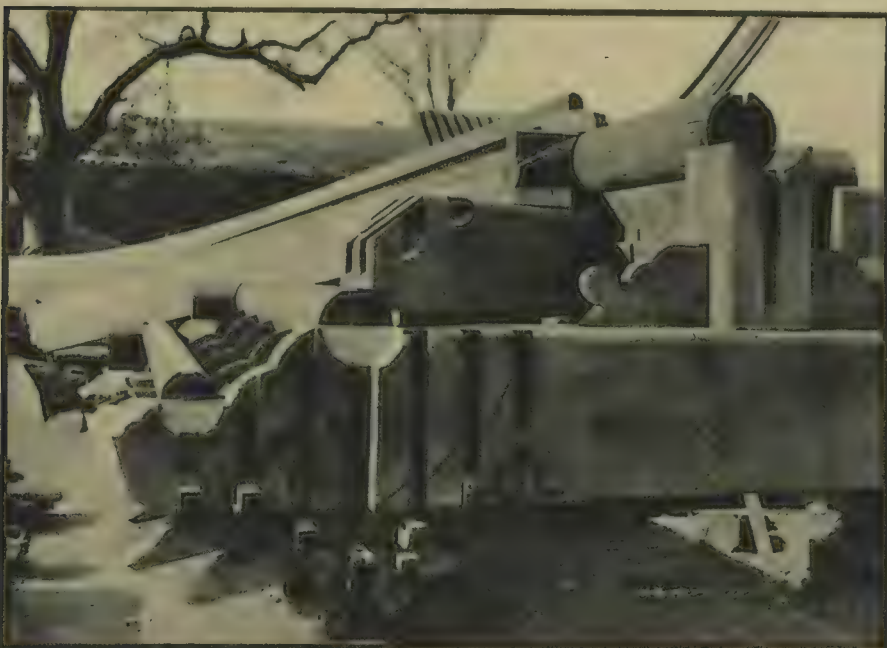


IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

COPYING A DECAYING JEHOI ORIGINAL FOR CHICAGO: THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.



THE MAKING OF AN EXACT COPY OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF JEHOI FOR CHICAGO: THE BUILDER'S YARD IN PEKING IN WHICH THE FACSIMILE IS BEING CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A CHINESE ARCHITECT.



THE INTRICATE FRAMEWORK OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE: TIMBERS READY FOR ASSEMBLY AT PEKING—PRECISELY COPIED FROM THOSE OF THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE BY A CHINESE ARCHITECT AND CHINESE WORKMEN.



HOW MODERN CHINESE CRAFTSMEN RECAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF THEIR PREDECESSORS UNDER THE MANCHUS: A DRAGON FROM THE COPY OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF JEHOI.

Jehol was a famous summer resort of the Manchu Emperors. It is in the province of Chihli, some 100 miles north-east of Peking; and—until deemed ill-starred—it served as a resting-place on the way to the Imperial hunting-grounds. The Imperial estate at Jehol is gradually decaying under the hands of Time, and that decay is being hastened by the vandalism of firewood-seeking soldiery—as illustrated on pages 184 and 185. Its present condition, indeed, reminds one forcibly of Omar Khayyam's haunting lines: "They say the lion and the lizard keep The courts where Jamshud gloried and drank deep. . . ." It is well, therefore, that a copy of at least one fine building should be in the making before the original has disappeared.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT JEHOI WHICH IS THREATENED WITH DECAY—AND IS BEING COPIED FOR CHICAGO: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE BUILDING OF GREAT SPLENDOUR.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT JEHOI: ONE OF THE GEMS OF THE IMPERIAL SUMMER QUARTERS IN CHIHLI, NOW RAPIDLY DECAYING.

The structure in question is the Golden Temple at Jehol, whose appearance will be preserved in perpetuity at Chicago. Dr. Sven Hedin—the celebrated Orientalist whose work, both in China and in Turkestan, has often been illustrated in our pages—had the idea of transporting the Golden Temple to the United States. A Chinese temple, however, is not made of brick and iron, and to take it away bit by bit was found impossible. In making the copy, for Chicago, Dr. Sven Hedin was lucky enough to find a Chinese architect capable of building a temple in the ancient manner; and, in consequence, the copy seems to respire the very spirit of the Emperor (Ch'ien Lung), builder of the Golden Temple at Jehol.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE "FOREST OF TEN THOUSAND TREES" WHICH WAS ONCE A DELIGHT OF THE "SONS OF HEAVEN." DEER IN THE FAMOUS PARK, WHICH HAS BEEN DENuded BY SOLDIERLY SEEKING FIREWOOD.

This photograph gives a glimpse of all that remains of the "Forest of Ten Thousand Trees." Today only a few scattered trees are left to give shade to the remains of the great herd of tame deer in the palace grounds. Soldiers seeking firewood have ruthlessly wielded the axe, though here and there—as with the tree in the foreground—they have had to desist after hiding away part of the trunk. To such an extent has the "Forest of Ten Thousand Trees" been denuded that a large stretch of the ground has been laid out as a racetrack for the cavalry of the provincial governor—formerly a bandit chief.

VANDALISM BY CHINESE SOLDIERLY AT SUMMER PALACE WRECKED BY



IN THE PLEASURE GROUNDS OF THE SUMMER PALACE AT JEHOI, WHERE MANCHU EMPERORS WERE WONT TO WHILE AWAY THEIR TIME UNTIL THE PLACE WAS JUDGED TO BE UNLUCKY: AN ESTATE THAT IS BEING RUINED.

Where emperors once whiled away their time in sullen dalliance—a general view of the pleasure grounds at Jehoi. Owing to an obstruction in the river, the artificial lake in the foreground is now dry. Bridges cross firm ground and tame deer graze where imperial barges were wont to float. Such bridges as have not been demolished for their timbers are falling into decay, and the paddy boats have long disappeared. Even the beautiful pagoda seen in the distance is threatened with destruction through the vandalism of soldiers hacking away at the supporting beams for firewood. Note the massive wall descending the hill. It is fifteen miles long and shields the palace and park from the outer world.

by a 'Son of Heaven' since 1861, when the Manchus abandoned it as unlucky to their House. The name Jehoi (otherwise, 'Hot River') comes from a spring in the palace grounds which is not really warm but is proof against freezing in the bitter winter. The palace itself enjoys the imperial title of 'the Mountain Village for Avoiding the Heat.' Jehoi is thought to have been chosen as a summer retreat because the country may have reminded the first Manchu masters of China of their northern home and have given them a change from the effete influences of the deposed Ming dynasty in Peking. Besides K'ang Hsi—already mentioned as the founder of the palace—the names of three Manchu emperors stand out in connection with Jehoi. These are the celebrated Ch'ien Lung, who is said to have been born in the vicinity; Chia Ch'ing, who was killed there by lightning in 1821; and Hsien Feng, who fled north after the capture of Peking

(Continued in Box 3.)

JEHOI: THE RAVAGED "UNLUCKY" FIREWOOD-SEEKERS—AND TIME.



THE ONCE FAMOUS LIBRARY OF THE EMPEROR CH'EN LUNG IN THE PALACE GROUNDS AT JEHOI—NOW TENANTED BY A FEW SLATTERLY SOLDIERS: A BUILDING WHOSE TREASURES—FORTUNATELY—ARE SAFELY HOUSED IN PEKING.

Deprived of its former treasures, which are now housed at Peking: the library in the palace grounds at Jehoi. Built on an island in the lake which receives the flow of the "warm spring" that gives Jehoi its name, the library was once famous all over the empire for possessing one of the four sets of the great Emperor Ch'ien Lung's vast encyclopaedia of 26,000 volumes. Today the pretty pavilion is tenanted by a few slatternly soldiers whose kitchen fire in the rough hearth-outfitted blacken its walls. The almost bare hills beyond the library were, once thickly wooded. Many of the remaining trees have been "ringed" for firewood.

by the British and French forces in 1861, to die there the next year and so make way for the despotic Empress Dowager. Following the death of Hsien Feng, the Manchus decided that Jehoi was ill-fated so far as their dynasty was concerned and ceased their annual visits. To-day the Summer Palace and the Imperial temples reveal the ravages of time and the results of the still more destructive attention of vandal soldiers. None of the buildings has escaped entirely, most of them are damaged beyond repair, and a number have been raised to the ground. The greater part of the wilful destruction has been wrought solely to obtain firewood, and it is no uncommon sight to see massive stonework split asunder that an armful of tinder from a sawed-off beam might be secured; while shapeless heaps of rubble here and there in the palace grounds mark the spot where some pretty pavilion has been torn down for its combustible material.

(Continued in Box 4.)



BUILT AT JEHOI TO HOUSE THE TEMPORAL RULER OF TIBET WHEN HE WAS VISITING THE EMPEROR CH'EN LUNG: THE GREAT MONASTERY MODELLED ON THE DALAI LAMA'S FORTRESS-TEMPLE AT LHASA.

A vast monument of desolation and decay—the great monastery at Jehoi built for the Dalai Lama after the model of his fortress-temple at Lhasa when the temporal ruler of Tibet paid a visit to the summer capital of China to take part in the celebrations of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung's seventieth birthday. Inside the massive walls of the huge structure are the dormitories of the lamas, surrounding a lofty hall dedicated to the services of Buddha. Just rising above the walls of the enclosure on the right is the roof of Ch'ien Lung's imperial apartments, and rising above all at the back is the pavilion of the Dalai Lama, with its golden bronze tiles.

Spurred by the bitterly cold winter, the poorly paid soldiers have carried their quest for firewood to such an extent that the supporting pillars of a great pagoda have been half-hacked through for chips, thus imperilling the whole elaborate timber structure. Thousands of trees that were once the pride of emperors have been cut down, and the ring of the axe is still to be heard every day. Ironically enough, the best-preserved part of the former greatness of Jehoi is the fifteen-mile wall, ranging over hill and valley, which was built to keep palace and park aloof from the disruptive turmoil of the outer world." On another page we illustrate the making of a copy of the Golden Temple for Chicago.



GUARDIANS OF THE GATE OF ONE OF THE IMPERIAL TEMPLES AT JEHOI: FIGURES STILL SEATED IN A SACRED BUILDING THAT IS RAPIDLY FALLING DOWN.

Gazing at battered colleagues opposite, these two guardians of the gate on one side of a ruined imperial temple at Jehoi sternly await their fate without flinching. The side walls of the hall of the building in which they sit have already fallen down, and some of the smaller figures lie broken on the ground. Before long the remaining half of the roof, already badly damaged, will collapse as well, or be torn down belatedly, and all four of the guardians of the gate will be left out in the open, after which their joint ruin will be rapid and complete.



DECAYED GENTLEMEN OF A PAST ERA AT JEHOI: GUARDIANS OF A TEMPLE GATE WHO, UNLIKE THEIR COLLEAGUES OF THE PRECEDING PHOTOGRAPH, ARE EXPOSED TO THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN, THEIR ROOFTOPES HAVING BEEN USED AS FIREWOOD.

Decayed gentlemen of a past era, still holding their heads high. Guardians of a gate in one of the Imperial temples at Jehoi—fierce and proud in their prime's now exposed to the four winds of heaven through the collapse of the roof over their heads, torn down chiefly for firewood. Typical of the decay which is attacking everything at Jehoi, where no figures in more than one temple, after meditating in the shadows for generations and generations, now find themselves sitting in the broad light of day, owing to great rents in the roof, through the collapse of the massive supporting beams.



FADED AND DOOMED GLORIES OF AN EMPEROR'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS: THE IMPERIAL SUITE OF THE GREAT CH'EN LUNG IN THE FORTRESS-TEMPLE MONASTERY WHICH WAS SPECIALLY BUILT AT JEHOI FOR THE VISITING DALAI LAMA.

Yellow and azure-blue tiles grown with grass, empty rooms, broken woodwork, fallen stairways, and peeling paint give a forlorn look to the intimate beauty of this tiny palace of the classic past; but, when the breeze sweeps up the valley, the Ming bells, high above the reach of predatory soldiery, ring out sweet and clear, bringing back the days when an emperor, heard them while he reclined on the divan in the little panelled bedroom or sipped tea with a chosen few. The other wooden edifices in the same enclosure have already gone, and the apartments of Ch'ien Lung will inevitably share their fate.



DECAYING DORMITORIES IN THE FORTRESS-TEMPLE: THE HOME OF MANY HUNDREDS OF LAMAS—NOW INHABITED BY A LONE MONGOL AND A FEW BOYS.

Formerly the home of hundreds and hundreds of lamas, these dormitories in the great fortress-temple at Jehoi, which are still largely intact, but rapidly falling to pieces, are now inhabited by a lone Mongol and a few boys. Silence reigns where the air formerly hummed with the drone of Tibetan prayers. The last treasures of the once rich and powerful monastery have long since been dispersed. Today, in all Jehoi there are probably not more than a handful of lamas, and these live in dread of the soldiers, who threaten all the time to enter into the few places where they are still kept outside.

HALF A CYCLE OF CATHAY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THROUGH THE DRAGON'S EYES": By L. C. ARLINGTON.*

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

"THROUGH the Dragon's Eyes" is a book that will come as a shock to those who picture China as a land of romance, the cradle of ethics and philosophy, the home of the arts. Mr. L. C. Arlington is a Chinese scholar and the author of a book on Chinese Drama, but his main concern in the present volume is with the practical side of Chinese life. His experience has been tremendous. Born in 1859, he spent his youthful years on an American training-ship—a pretty arduous education. But he turned it to good account, for, arriving at Tientsin in the winter of 1879, he was almost immediately given a post as gunner and drill instructor in the Chinese Navy. This post he held till 1886, when he became an official in the Maritime Customs. In 1905 he resigned from the Customs and entered the Postal Service, where he remained till 1929. In all, he had fifty years' experience of the Chinese Government Services, military and civil. He took an active part in the naval war against the French in 1884 and 1885; he was personally involved in the Revolution of 1911 and the Civil War of 1927-1930. He was confined for ten days in a Chinese prison. Actions speak louder than words; Mr. Arlington's profession enabled him to see as much as he wanted of the Chinese in action—perhaps more.

He makes some rather surprising generalisations about them. One imagined that they were governed by habit: this, apparently, is not so.

"We are slaves to habit: the Chinese are not. Flexible in outlook, a Chinese would as soon put himself in a strait-jacket as tie himself down to our stilted mode of life. An average Chinese, even now, does not care a rap when, where, or what he eats, where, how, or when he sleeps; neither does he worry about his surroundings. He is as happy in a mud hut as in a palace; and a palace does not in the least impress him, unless it brings him business. Flexible in personal home life, the Chinese is equally flexible in work. The work is done, perhaps very well, but in his own way, and not, say, after a manner which would be approved by a sergeant-major in a British Guards Regiment. I have seen our friends on a hot summer's day, with a temperature of 110 degrees F. in the shade, sound asleep in rickshas, heads hanging back, faces upturned to the sun, mouths wide open and full of flies, leading one to think the sleepers were corpses. It is quite common in some parts of China to see a gang of coolies calmly eating their food, without the least sign of revulsion, surrounded by cess-pools and reeking conservancy buckets, the food literally covered with flies."

An unpleasant picture! No doubt Mr. Arlington's profession often brought him into touch with the dregs of the population, but one cannot help wishing he would tell us more about those amenities of Chinese civilisation of which we have heard so much, and of whose existence there is no question. But it would be difficult for the written word to counteract the impression of savagery and cruelty made by the illustrations of tortures scattered through the book. From an artistic standpoint these little pictures, specially painted by Chinese artists at Mr. Arlington's request, are charming. The groups of executioners and victims are beautifully composed, blood is employed with considerable

decorative effect, and, for those who have the heart to enjoy it, there is a good deal of humour in the contrast between the agonised faces of the prisoners and the complacent smiles of their tormentors. In the actual text Mr. Arlington has little to say about tortures. A footnote gives a list of the principal punishments employed. The Republic has declared many of them illegal, but the detective department in Peking still uses "methods of refined cruelty" for the purpose of extorting confessions. Among these "unexpected tortures" are the following: "Driving split pieces of bamboo into the quick of

scruples the Chinese are often unwilling to kill animals, for, as Mr. Arlington admits, they treat animals, while alive, with the utmost cruelty.

Perhaps mere stark, staring insensibility is responsible for the lack of humane feeling among the Chinese. Partly owing to the opium-smoking habit, they are almost entirely free from nervous disorders. This immunity is truly remarkable, especially when we consider the way the children of the poor are brought up. They are encouraged to smoke at the age of six, are kept up till one or two in the morning, given indigestible food and a great deal of strong tea. Mr.

Arlington attributes their strong constitutions to the fact that they have "not yet reached that stage of modern civilisation—a curse rather than a blessing—where we have to study when we should walk, eat or sleep." This hardly seems an adequate explanation of their good health; might not the solution rather be that weaklings die off, and only the robust survive? However, we can readily agree that "the Chinese are essentially a lymphatic race," and their "physiognomy is not—save under the influence of hysteria—characterised by energy and intensity of thought and feeling. . . . Of course, a low level of nervous organisation, or imperfect education may be the underlying cause, or their excellent husbandry of brain power."

Gambling is the main relaxation of the Chinese; Mr. Arlington estimates that at least 85 per cent. of the population gambles in one form or another. On the other hand, probably not more than 1 per cent. smokes opium. "It is too expensive to be indulged in by many, whereas gambling always offers a hope of winning."

The people at large are still very credulous. A story got about, and was absolutely believed, that General Lung Chi-Kuang, who came from a wild aboriginal tribe, had a tail three inches long, and was therefore a "monkey in disguise!"

"This" (the author continues) "may appear ridiculous, but such a report is nothing to people who believe that if a rat eats salt it will change into a bat, or a spider similarly into an old man, and that a cat that eats rats will be drunk for three days, etc. . . . It is also believed by many that butchers, when they die, lie on the ground and make a noise like pigs or sheep, and that they are born again in the forms of those animals or as dogs, and their children are born with sheep's heads, or serpents' bodies, or merely as lumps of flesh."

One has heard much of the honesty of the Chinese, and Mr. Arlington admits that they have a claim to this virtue. "Although I cannot say so much for the Chinese staff, yet I know many Chinese who are as honest as the day—men who would not accept a bribe any more than would their foreign colleagues.

I do not think—at least, from my own experience—that the Chinese as a whole are more dishonest than we." Perhaps this is damning them with faint praise! They are not a particularly truthful race, or their notions of truth differ from ours. "To the Chinese, a good liar is, generally speaking, a clever man." "A Chinese generally lies to save his 'face' (though a discovered and proved lie also involves 'face' loss)." Loss of "face" is, of course, a very serious matter—so serious, indeed, that suicide is preferable.

Anti-foreignism is prevalent—growingly prevalent—in China; it is to be found even in the interior, where foreigners seldom penetrate. For this state of things the white man, and especially the missionary, is Mr. Arlington considers, to blame. "The missionaries are always bringing up other people's children and

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

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the finger-nails and then striking them from both sides with a flat piece of wood. This method is called 'playing the stringed instrument.' Another system is to prevent a poor wretch from sleeping days on end until he confesses. This is called 'keeping the wake.' . . . And yet, with all this torture, it is said that certain bandits have been known to go through the entire series without a murmur."

After this one finds it hard to be convinced by Mr. Arlington's statement that the Chinese are not "naturally of a bloodthirsty disposition." It may be true that the crimes they commit deserve severe punishments; true, too, that they will not confess at all except under torture; still, this does not absolve them from the charge of cruelty. Nor is one impressed by the fact that owing to Buddhistic

* "Through the Dragon's Eyes." Fifty Years' Experiences of a Foreigner in the Chinese Government Service. By L. C. Arlington (Commissioner of Chinese Customs [Retired]). With a Foreword by E. Alabaster. (Constable; 21s.)

THE MATERNAL EAGLE: SHIELDING THE EAGLET FROM THE SUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SETON GORDON.



THE EMPRESS OF THE SKIES ON GUARD OVER HER ONLY CHILD: A GOLDEN EAGLE IN HER EYRIE IN THE HIGHLANDS; HER EAGLET BESIDE HER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A "HIDE" TWELVE FEET AWAY.



"THE MOST WONDERFUL THING I HAVE SEEN IN THE BIRD WORLD": THE MOTHER EAGLE OPENING HER WINGS TO SHIELD HER EAGLET FROM THE SUN.

By way of comment on the magnificent photographs reproduced here, we cannot do better than quote Mr. Seton Gordon's own words—from the "Times." "Many persons," he wrote, "have seen and admired the golden eagle when out stalking in the Rough Bounds, or when climbing the grim precipices of the Black Cuillin of Skye, but few have watched by day and by night the home life of a pair of golden eagles from a hide four yards from their eyrie. . . . One eaglet lay in the nest. A small, downy object, it felt the heat of the sun . . . and panted in distress. . . . In fifty minutes there was a rush of wings, and the female eagle arrived. . . . She fed the eaglet with great care on tit-bits of grouse. . . . She



PROVIDING A "SUN-SHADE" WITH HER 7-FT. WING-SPREAD: THE MOTHER EAGLE, SYMBOL OF AERIAL MIGHT, SHIELDING HER EAGLET FROM THE SUN.

then carefully tidied up the eyrie and arranged tiny heather shoots over her only child. She had been at the nest for half an hour when, glancing up, she noticed the sinister eye of the lens for the first time. Her suspicions were at once aroused, and she took wing with a magnificent gesture. . . ." A week elapsed, and then Mr. Gordon notes: "The mother eagle had learned that the noise of the camera shutter was harmless. . . . I was fortunate enough to obtain one or two remarkable photographs of the eagle shielding her young from the sun. Very gradually she opened her magnificent wings . . . a picture which will remain in my mind as the most wonderful thing I have seen in the bird world."

THE BYZANTINE EXHIBITION: CERTAIN OF ITS GEMS DISCUSSED.

By D. TALBOT RICE, M.A., B.Sc.; Formerly Assistant-Director, British Academy Excavations at Constantinople.



1. A BOWL FROM THE SALONIKA OF THE THIRTEENTH OR FOURTEENTH CENTURY: A PIECE WITH A DESIGN EXECUTED IN GRAFFITO; WITH THE BODIES OF THE BIRDS AND THE BACKGROUND ENLIVENED BY MEANS OF BROWN AND GREEN PIGMENTS.

THE recent Byzantine Exhibition in Paris was an important and interesting event; especially so, coming as it did only a few months after the great Persian Exhibition in London. This was, however, something more than a chance succession of events, for the arts of these two areas often show something more than a fortuitous similarity in style. The Eastern element in a great deal of Byzantine art is actually almost as important as are those factors which can be traced back to the artistic products of classical Greece, or to the Hellenistic and Roman cultures.

The objects which we saw in London were to be assigned, in respect of period, to the Zoroastrian or Moslem religions—beyond this assignation of period, they had little connection with either religion. On the other hand, the Byzantine objects which were seen in Paris are essentially Christian, not only as regards the period to which they belong, but also in intent and spirit. One may say, indeed, that Byzantine art was essentially a religious art. True, we saw in the first rooms of the Exhibition many objects which are purely secular. But the majority of these, although from the Byzantine east, and although belonging to the Christian epoch, are hardly Byzantine in style. They are to be associated, rather, with Roman or Hellenistic art. Such portrait-heads as those shown in the entrance court belong definitely to pagan Rome, while an exhibited group of marble sarcophagi, or even certain ivories, are almost equally purely Hellenistic. It was only at a later date; namely, in the fifth or sixth century, that there took place the complete synthesis between Hellenistic, Roman, Eastern and indigenous elements which was to produce some of the magnificent objects which cannot fail to strike us by their exquisite beauty. In the Exhibition there was little not connected with the Church in one way or another.

This religious aspect of the art is not of the first importance; for it is the art itself that is of value. It may even be a danger to-day; for one observer will be carried away by a religious appeal which has nothing whatever to do with the aesthetic importance of the objects under consideration, while another will be repelled by what he, at first sight, thinks to be a monotonous array of bearded saints and crosses. Both these attitudes are wrong, as a visit to the permanent collection at the Victoria and Albert or to the British Museum will prove.

All the arts were represented at the Paris Exhibition, and one was able to see there objects from numerous countries and collections which are usually inaccessible to the general public, or hidden away in some far-distant cathedral treasury. It was, hence, of the first importance to the student of the subject. But it was, perhaps, even more important to the general public, for it gave to every man an opportunity of proving for himself that the Byzantine civilisation was not one long period of decadence; that Byzantine art was not a dead and dry affair, producing numerous sterile repetitions of a few original motives. Rather, the civilisation was one which knew continual ups and downs over a period some eleven hundred years in length, and the art, as one could see, had more than one "golden age" and was capable, even after the systematic

sack of Constantinople by European crusaders (1203), of a renaissance which was to be responsible for some of the finest mosaics and wall-paintings of the Middle Ages. The Exhibition could not fail to convince even the most sceptical: the photographs reproduced here, and on the opposite page, will serve to give some idea of it.

Of sculptures, whether in stone or ivory, of metal-work, and of enamels, we shall not attempt to speak here—we confine ourselves to discussing mosaics and paintings, textiles, glass and ceramics. It was in the textile art that the Exhibition was most complete. A few old friends from Burlington House reappeared, proving that it is still impossible to determine for certain the origin of many of the pre-twelfth-century pieces. Were they made in Persia, in Egypt, or in Byzantium? It is frequently impossible to answer this question, and the mere presence of a Kufic script as a part of the decoration on an object does not necessarily prove it to belong to the Moslem area; we see such scripts quite often on things which were certainly manufactured in the Byzantine, and, hence, in the Christian East. But numerous pieces can be catalogued more definitely. Among these the

example, from the Musée de Cluny, which shows a chariot and its driver, full face, and it is interesting to think of this in connection with the side-view of a chariot shown on the glass beaker of the fifth or sixth century in the Stora collection in New York (Fig. 3).

The great wall-mosaics of Ravenna, of Greece, of Sicily, or of Kahrieh Djami at Constantinople, can naturally appear at no exhibition. But there were some admirable copies of the more famous ones of early date to be seen in Paris. Can we add yet another monument to the Byzantine achievement? Were the eighth-century mosaics of Damascus produced by Byzantine artists, or are they of purely local workmanship? The copies of some of the larger portions of these which were shown in Paris proved without a doubt that there were very close relationships with Byzantine work of the best period, but much investigation remains to be done in the field before such a question as this can be finally answered. Apart from the great wall-mosaics, however, the Byzantine were masters of a miniature craft in this technique, and a large series of portable mosaics were produced, showing either single figures or compositions. One of the finest of these in existence was chosen as the masterpiece of the week at the Victoria and Albert Museum a short time ago.

Wall-paintings again are not to be transported. But

some copies of the finest of these which have survived, at Mistra, in Greece, were exhibited, and the icon, or panel painting, is as well suited to exhibition in a gallery as any European picture. A Crucifixion in the Byzantine Museum at Athens is perhaps the finest icon that has been preserved for us; but there were others in Paris which closely approached it in delicacy and proportion, most notably a Deposition from the Stoclet collection. Some five icons were of the very first class. But many of the others were a disappointment.

In a survey of paintings one is sometimes apt to forget the illuminated manuscripts, which, though closely allied, form a separate branch of the painter's craft. The

[Continued on page 204.]



2. THE SO-CALLED MANTLE OF CHARLEMAGNE: A PIECE WHICH MAY BE ASSIGNED TO SICILY.—THE TEXTILE ITSELF: ELEVENTH CENTURY; THE BORDER AT THE TOP: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

This belongs to Metz Cathedral The top border was added to the eleventh-century textile when the mantle was turned into a cope in the sixteenth century.

Coptic are in mass, perhaps, predominant. These textiles were produced in Egypt, especially in Alexandria, and date mostly from the fifth and sixth centuries. They show a considerable Hellenistic influence, and are not purely Byzantine in style. They can be aptly described by using a comparison with European painting, for they are distinctly akin in feeling and appearance to the paintings of a Rubens, whereas true Byzantine work shows a similarity, probably even a relationship, with those of an El Greco. A magnificent composition in the possession of Mrs. Bliss (Fig. 4) may be cited as one of the most remarkable examples of this Coptic art that have come down to us. It shows a divinity, seated, with a large figure on either side, occupying, in fact, the position to be assumed at a later date by one of the most usual compositions in Byzantine iconography, the Deisis. But here numerous smaller figures and flowers fill up the background with a somewhat too profuse elaboration. The superb "St. Theodore" shown in Fig. 5, though exhibiting certain Egyptian traits, should probably be assigned to Constantinople, and to the seventh or eighth century.

The magnificent silks of a somewhat later date, the most striking collection of which is preserved in the Treasury of the Cathedral at Sens, present more problems, for here the dispute between the partisans of Persia, of Egypt, of Byzantium, or even of Sicily, becomes more acute. We cannot attempt to solve the problems which surround many of the pieces here. But the great shroud of Auxerre, which may be described as the greatest marvel seen at the Exhibition, is undoubtedly of Byzantine workmanship. The proportion and balance of the design is unrivalled in East or West. How large this stuff was originally, it is impossible to say; now four of the eagles which form the central motive survive, and one of them is shown in Fig. 6.

The so-called mantle of Charlemagne (Fig. 2), superb though it is, appears definitely provincial beside the Auxerre silk, and one can assign it without much hesitation to Sicily. The superb gryphon from Sens (Fig. 7), of the eleventh or twelfth century, though bearing a motive which is of Persian origin, would appear to be of Byzantine workmanship, as, indeed, was at least one of the textiles included in the second room of the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House. Before leaving the subject of textiles, an example of earlier date, namely, the sixth century, must be mentioned. It is a magnificent



3. A GLASS BEAKER OF THE FIFTH OR SIXTH CENTURY: A PIECE WHICH IS ENGRAVED WITH A CHARIOT AND DRIVER, AND MAY BE ASSIGNED TO CHRISTIAN EGYPT OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

This piece belongs to the Stora Collection, New York.

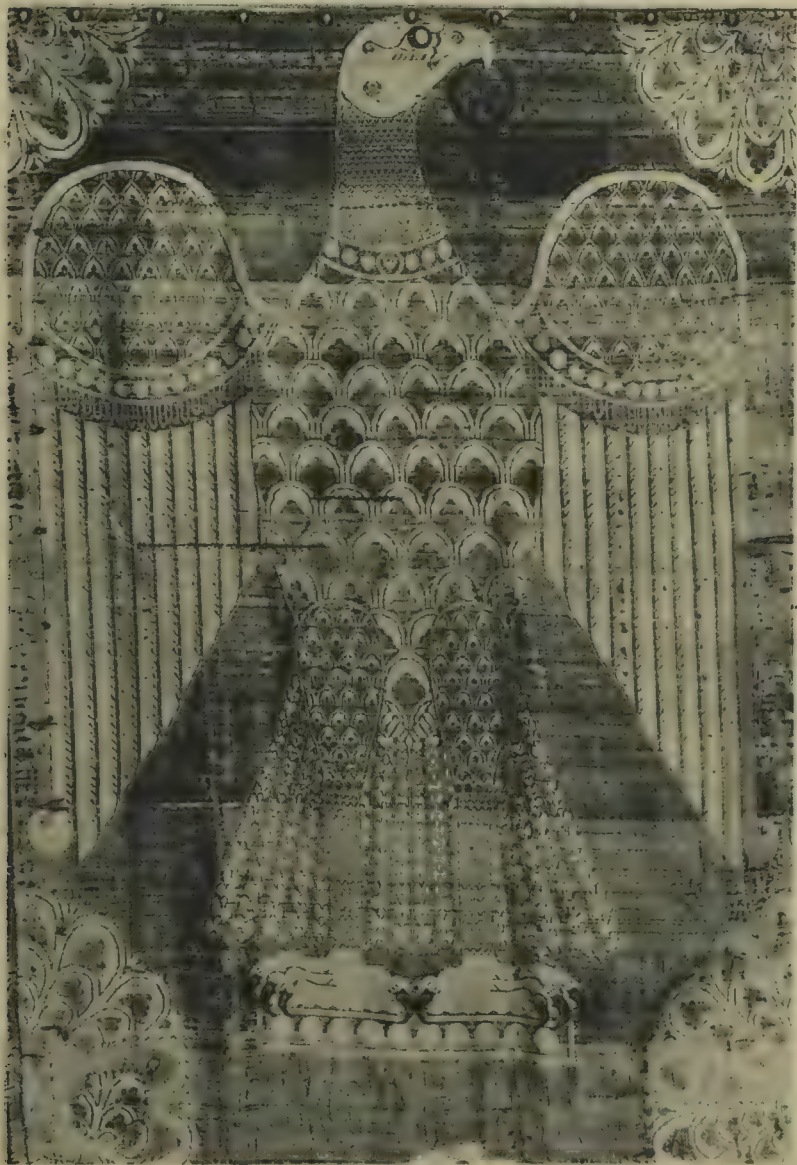
GEMS SEEN IN THE BYZANTINE EXHIBITION: TEXTILES OF MUCH MOMENT.



4. A VERY FINE SPECIMEN OF THE COPTIC TEXTILES PRODUCED IN EGYPT IN THE FIFTH AND SIXTH CENTURIES—PIECES WHICH SHOW A CONSIDERABLE HELLENISTIC INFLUENCE AND ARE NOT PURELY BYZANTINE IN STYLE: A COMPOSITION AKIN IN FEELING TO A "RUBENS" PICTURE; NOT AN "EL GRECO."



5. A SUPERB "ST. THEODORE": A TEXTILE WHICH SHOULD PROBABLY BE ASSIGNED TO THE CONSTANTINOPE OF THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY, AND NOT TO A "PROVINCIAL" AREA, ALTHOUGH IT EXHIBITS CERTAIN EGYPTIAN TRAITS.



6. UNDOUBTEDLY OF BYZANTINE WORKMANSHIP: DETAIL OF THE SPLENDID ELEVENTH- OR TWELFTH-CENTURY SILK SHROUD BELONGING TO AUXERRE CATHEDRAL—ONE OF THE FOUR EAGLES OF THE CENTRAL MOTIVE.

Dealing with the textiles here illustrated, Mr. D. Talbot Rice remarks of that seen in Fig. 4: "These textiles [the Coptic] were produced in Egypt, especially in Alexandria, and date mostly from the fifth and sixth centuries. They show a considerable Hellenistic influence and are not purely Byzantine in style. They can be aptly described by using a comparison with European painting, for they are distinctly akin in feeling and appearance to the paintings of a 'Rubens,' whereas true Byzantine work shows a similarity, probably even a relationship, with those of an 'El Greco.'" A magnificent composition in the possession of Mrs. Bliss (No. 4) may be cited as one of the most remarkable examples of this Coptic art that have come down to us. It shows a divinity, seated, with a large figure on either



7. APPARENTLY OF BYZANTINE WORKMANSHIP, THOUGH WITH A MOTIVE OF PERSIAN ORIGIN: DETAIL OF AN ELEVENTH- OR TWELFTH-CENTURY TEXTILE BELONGING TO SENS CATHEDRAL—A WINGED GRYPHON.

side, occupying, in fact, the position to be assumed at a later date by one of the most usual compositions in Byzantine iconography, the Deisis. But here numerous smaller figures and flowers fill up the background with a somewhat too profuse elaboration. The "St. Theodore" (No. 5) is owned by Mrs. Rockefeller. Of the Auxerre shroud, it is written: "The great shroud of Auxerre, which may be described as the greatest marvel seen at the Exhibition, is undoubtedly of Byzantine workmanship. The proportion and balance of the design is unrivalled in east or west. How large this stuff was originally it is impossible to say; now four of the eagles which form the central motive survive, and one of them is shown in Fig. 6." As to Fig. 7 it is said: "The superb gryphon from Sens, though bearing a motive which is of Persian origin, would appear to be of Byzantine workmanship, as, indeed, was at least one of the textiles included in the second room of the Persian Exhibition at Burlington House."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

ERICH POMMER'S OPERETTE AND THE MUSICAL FILM.

IT is a curious turn of the wheel that brings two German directors to the peaks of their profession in the field of the lightest and, in its way, the most brilliant of kinematic entertainment—screen musical



"THESE CHARMING PEOPLE"—THE FILM BASED ON MICHAEL ARLEN'S PLAY OF THAT NAME: PARAMOUNT'S FIRST BRITISH TALKING PRODUCTION. The actors here seen are (l. to r.) C. V. France, Nora Swinburne, and Cyril Maude.

comedy, a very different thing, it should be noted, from adapted stage musical comedy. We are prone to connect a certain heavy-handedness, an ultra-deliberate development of theme, and a general gloom with German productions. We shall have to be more cautious in our judgments in the future, for in the wake of the Lubitsch achievements, "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," comes the wholly delicious "Three Men at a Petrol Station," introduced to London in its French version under the title of "Le Chemin du Paradis," directed by Erich Pommer.

Mr. Pommer's name has generally been linked with that of a co-director, as in the memorable "Vaudeville" and "The Hungarian Rhapsody," but his has been the presiding genius, his the "Escoffier touch." His was the imaginative audacity that gave us in "Vaudeville" the pictorial expression of the jealous acrobat's mentality, as, swinging high up in the dome of the *café-chantant*, he saw the whirling eyes of the spellbound spectators that seemed to probe his murderous intentions. The device was repeated—in the days of the silent screen—scores of times in one form or another, but the palm of the pioneer must be handed to Pommer.

This genial German producer has, as a matter of fact, never erred on the side of ponderousness. In "Le Chemin du Paradis" his direction has a heady swiftness that is truly exhilarating. With a delightful inconsequence, and yet with an unfailing sense of rhythm, it proceeds from one whimsicality to another, keeping its atmosphere of spontaneity intact from beginning to end. The story is impudently nonsensical, but admirably devised for its purpose. Briefly, it concerns the fluctuating fortunes of three penniless young men and the flirtations of an heiress. When the inseparable trio start business in a roadside petrol-station, all three fall in love with the dainty Liliane, whose car visits their station with disturbing frequency. Liliane favours the handsome Willy, but to clear up the situation convenes the three young men, who are wholly unaware that their separate rendezvous are with one and the same person, to a ball. Realisation, consternation, and lordly indignation, at least on the part of Willy, leave the young lady in tears until, aided by a dotting father's cash-box, she establishes the trio as directors in a palatial car-factory and lands the wrathful lover at her feet. This lighthearted romance is as good a prop as any for a happy-go-lucky operette; in the hands of Mr. Pommer and the composer, Mr. Werner Heyman, it becomes as stimulating as a well-mixed cocktail.

In several quarters "Le Chemin du Paradis" has been likened to René Clair's "Le Million." Except

that the picture competes in brilliancy with the French producer's fantastic farandole, the two films are, to my thinking, definitely dissimilar in treatment. Mr. Pommer's work approaches much more nearly to Lubitsch's "Monte Carlo." The extremely ingenious interweaving of mechanical sound and vocal melody, which gave such point to Miss Jeanette Macdonald's song in "Monte Carlo," is most happily developed in Pommer's picture. Here, the musical hooter of the heroine's car inspires and joins in one of the theme-songs, just as the thumping wheels and puffing engine caught up the refrain in the earlier production. Again, there is the same satirical use of the fortuitous chorus, in this case gathered from the ranks of the workmen and the office staff of the car-factory. "Le Chemin du Paradis" is, in short, that which it claims to be—a musical comedy, but a musical comedy in which the ballads are not dropped at a given cue bodily into the context of the

story, forming, as it were, a melodic interruption. Instead, Mr. Heyman's catchy compositions grow out of and carry on the action with a smoothness and a pertinence that sweep the whole merry business along on the crest of a frolicsome wave.

The picture has this in common with "Le Million": it catches the audience up in its holiday spirit. It is intimate. It comes out of its frame and winks at us. So much so that,



"THESE CHARMING PEOPLE": ANN TODD AND NORA SWINBURNE (BELOW).

when hero and heroine advance to the invisible footlights and hold parley with us, promising us a grand finale (which thereupon occurs in inimitable burlesque of conventional stage musical comedy), the barrier

of the screen seems to evaporate and the personal *rapprochement* of the theatre is established.

Grateful as all filmgoers must be to Mr. James V. Bryson for his enterprise in bringing this enchanting film in its French version to the Rialto Theatre, I am still in doubt as to whether the *finesse* of any production does not suffer some slight deterioration when the director is dealing with a foreign company. There are occasional snarls in the taut line of the development not wholly due to the recording of the French dialogue, which, I must frankly admit, is uneven in clarity. I am inclined to think that we should find Mr. Pommer's grip on the reins was uniformly firmer in the German version; and I am practically certain that Miss Lilian Harvey, clever linguist though she be, is impelled by the exigencies of the French tongue to accentuate an artificiality which is never wholly absent from her otherwise polished and well-timed work. The whole effect of the director's deliberate deviation from reality and of his calculated exaggerations depends on the measure



"THESE CHARMING PEOPLE"—THE VERY MASCULINE HUSBAND AND THE SPONGING FATHER OF JULIA: GODFREY TEARLE AND CYRIL MAUDE (SEATED), IN A TALKING-FILM THAT IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS CHARACTERISATION.

of natural ease and complete lack of self-consciousness with which his company can transform a midsummer madness into an everyday affair. To this demand, the charming Russian actress, Miss Olga Tchekowa, responds with a graceful facility; whilst the three musketeers of the petrol-station, Messieurs René Lefebvre (of "Le Million" fame), Jacques Maury, and especially Henry Garat in the part created by Herr Willy Fritsch, blend their amusing nonchalance with the burlesque of song and dance in a masterly fashion.

There are numerous signs on the horizon of the film world that a return of the musical talking-picture in the near future and in full blast is probable. According to the German paper, *Filmwelt*, the waltz has invaded America and threatens the supremacy of jazz, as a result of successful musical film importations from Germany. An American publication prophesies the revival of musical revue, the "all-singing, all-dancing, all-talking" super-show of the early days of sound, but one is reassured with all the improvements brought about by the experiments of recent years. And lastly—"There are," says *Film Industry*, in a short article devoted to the same subject, "lessons that should have been learned regarding musical films." There are indeed! But not, I venture to think, the lessons appertaining to smarter chorus-girls, greater "pep," "slicker" tap-dancing, and the like. Such progress arises automatically out of competition. The real advance in the presentation of musical plays has been made by Lubitsch, Pommer, René Clair, and Pabst, men who are not consciously concerned with smartness, "pep," and "slickness," but who achieve the equivalent of all these qualities—that is to say, fluency, speed, and brilliancy—because they approach the whole subject from a kinematic standpoint, welding the substance of melody into the metal of their productions.

The Guinness Legends

with apologies to Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire.

Theophilus Green was shockingly lean,
If you looked at him sideways, he'd hardly be seen,
So skinny and bony
That though fully grown he
Weighed only three stone on the weighing-machine.
Bad enough, you'll acknowledge, but worse is to come;
No wonder Theophilus used to look glum
For if he ate anything he would succumb
To fierce indigestion and pains in the tum.
He couldn't sleep, he pined away,
He used to sit and cry all day.
Though white as a sheet, yet within he was wholly a
Prey to the blackest of black Melancholia.



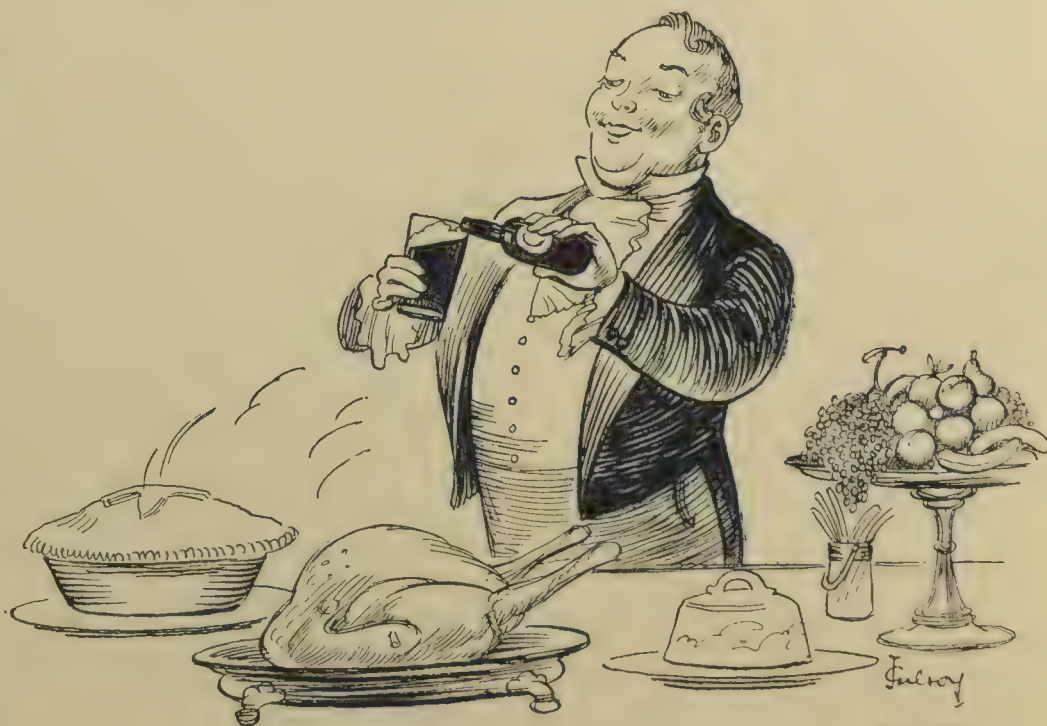
His mother regarded her son with anxiety;
Plied him with medicine, repulsive to taste.
Though he was only too anxious to try it, he
Didn't improve, and the stuff was a waste.
Then in despair, she tried special fare,
Everything luscious, expensive and rare;
She tried him with spices,
With winkles, with ices,
With toffee and terrapin, haggis and hare.
No good at all; he was still just as thin as
A rake—until one day she tried him with Guinness.



As soon as he drank it, he threw off the blanket,
And said to his mother, "Please bring me another!
I'm better already!" And leaving his bed he
Galumphed up and down in his silk dressing-gown.
He perceptibly grew in muscle and thew,
His complexion assumed a much healthier hue;
He acquired in a year a
Physique like Carnera
By daily consuming this wonderful brew.

MORAL

I don't know, dear Reader,
if you've ever had
The troubles that made
poor Theophilus bad;
Rheumatical twinges
And pains in your hinges
And Jaundice and Ague
And nightmares that plague you;
But allow me to say that
the very best way
To banish the lot is—
a Guinness a day.





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

CARICATURES BY JAMES GILLRAY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THIS is no place in which to embark upon a discussion as to the philosophic basis of caricature in civilised society. It will be sufficient to point out that nowadays we esteem most the caricaturist who thrusts with a rapier. I think we can credit Max, Low and Forain—to mention only three of our contemporaries—with an uncanny knowledge of the art of using this most delicate weapon. I



1. GILLRAY IN KINDLY MOOD: "MÆCENAS IN PURSUIT OF THE FINE ARTS"—A PRINT SHOWING THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD OUTSIDE CHRISTIE'S ON A FROSTY MORNING.

The full title of the print reads: "Mæcenas in pursuit of the Fine Arts—Scene, Pall Mall; on a Frosty Morning." The Marquis of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland, was Ambassador in Paris in 1790; took an active part in politics until about 1807; and then devoted himself to the development of his enormous estates. Stafford House, which he purchased in 1827, is now the London Museum.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Henry Sotherton, Ltd., 43, Piccadilly.

propose here to say a word about a man who was using not a rapier but a bludgeon, or, at best, a broadsword, at a time when English society was, by no means so refined as some of our sentimentalists would have us believe: indeed, I can think of few better antidotes to a too romantic and saccharine dilettantism than the perusal of a series of Gillray prints. It is not unreasonable to argue that the successful popular caricaturist must listen pretty carefully to the quality of the laughter his work evokes. Gillray's public—so it seems to me—neither smiled much, nor laughed, but burst into hearty and uproarious guffaws; and the grosser his jokes, the more amusement were they likely to provide. Our ancestors were a thick-skinned race, and the last people in the world to object to drawings which we should call merely disgusting.

But while some of Gillray's work is nauseating, the great majority is undeniably funny. As a satirist—though he thrilled his admirers—he seems to us a trifle cheap. The man was no juvenile, and his was not the gift to lash society with the whip of a genuine indignation. But get him off his high horse, and we can see him for a fellow of undeniable talent and uncommon insight into the less agreeable foibles of character.

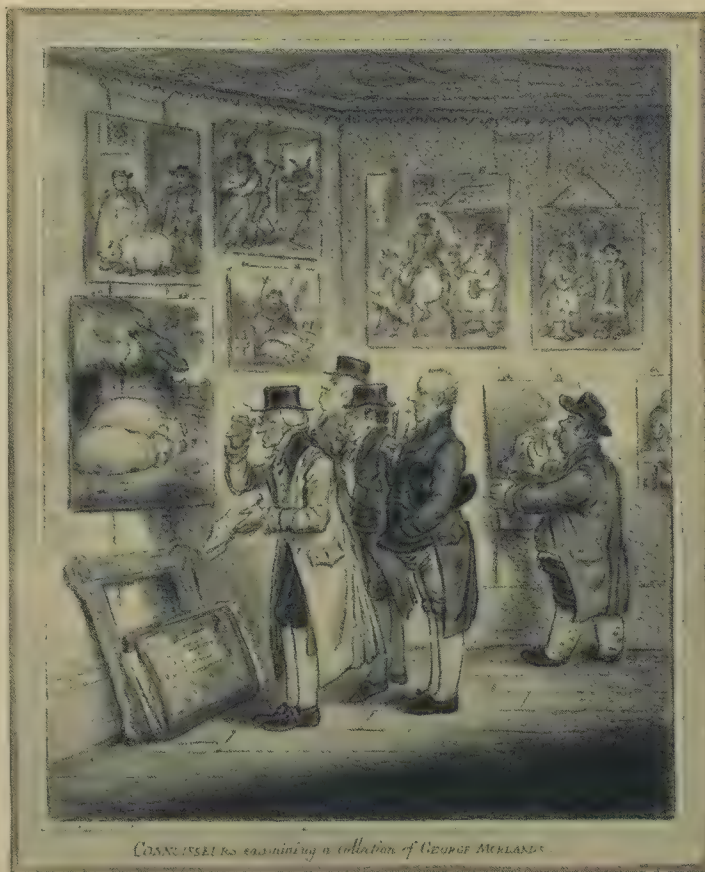
His life was not very edifying. He was born in 1757, and by 1811 had drunk himself into a state of imbecility. He died in 1815 and was buried in the churchyard of St. James's, Piccadilly. All the material part of his career was spent in the house of Mrs. Humphrey, his publisher, first in Bond Street and then in St. James's Street. It is her shop-window that appears in Fig. 2, "Very Slippy Weather," a typical example of his good-humoured slapstick sense

of fun. This admirable business woman appears to have treated him with great kindness and liberality—not the first or the last dealer, by the way, to find it necessary to keep an artist more or less on the premises—but this did not prevent him from occasionally breaking his contract and etching a plate for Mr. Fores, of Piccadilly.

He produced hundreds of prints, and it is not possible in so short a notice to do more than mention one or two, and to point out how vividly he illustrates the politics and gossip of his times.

The antics of party politicians lose their interest within a generation, and prints dealing with obscure intrigues between the ins and outs are of value to the historian only. A much wider public will be genuinely amused by the many caricatures in which George III. is held up to ridicule, and the average man is likely to feel surprised at their offensiveness. Both George and Queen Charlotte were credited with extremely avaricious habits: in one of the earliest of the caricatures, "A New Way to Pay the National Debt," the King and Queen are coming out of the Treasury loaded with money, while a very shabby Prince of Wales is gratefully accepting money from the Duc d'Orleans. Two others show the Queen carefully frying her own sprats, and the King toasting his own muffins. Gillray went to Flanders with the painter Louthbourg, and the King, on seeing the drawings made during the tour, remarked that he did not understand them. Gillray was extremely offended, and promptly perpetrated "A Connoisseur Examining a Cooper"—George shortsightedly examining a Cooper miniature of Oliver Cromwell. "I wonder," said Gillray, "if the royal connoisseur will understand this?" (It is hardly necessary to point out that at the time of the French Revolution Cromwell was not a hero in the eyes of the courts of Europe.)

A pair of prints, entitled "Temperance Enjoying a Frugal Meal" and "A Voluptuary Under the Horrors of Digestion," point the difference uncommonly neatly between the frugal habits of the King and the very different life led by the Prince.



3. GILLRAY IN A SOMEWHAT SARDONIC MOOD: "CONNOISSEURS EXAMINING A COLLECTION OF GEORGE MORLAND'S."

The names of the connoisseurs contemplating the works of the famous artist are given as (from left to right) Angerstein (to whom we owe the nucleus of the National Gallery collection); Mitchell; Caleb Whiteford; G. Baker; and Mortimer.

There are a great many patriotic and anti-French caricatures which, perhaps, made our forefathers' flesh creep, and serve to prove what we ourselves already know—that in time of war there is no story, however silly and fantastic, concerning one's enemies which is not eagerly swallowed. The engaging art



2. GILLRAY AS A GOOD-NATURED "SLAPSTICK" HUMORIST OF THE TYPE DEAR TO THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISHMAN: "VERY SLIPPY WEATHER"—A STUDY OF THE OUTSIDE OF HIS OWN PUBLISHER'S WINDOW.

Gillray's publisher, in whose house a great part of his career was spent, was Mrs. Humphrey; first located in Bond Street, and later in St. James's Street.

of propaganda is well illustrated by a series of four plates entitled, "The Consequences of a Successful French Invasion"; No. 4, "Me Teach de English Republicans to Work," is spirited and blood-curdling—four Englishmen are yoked to a plough, and are being urged on by a boy with a goad. His instructions are: "Pull hard, plough deep, trot quick, turn sudden, rest not."

Others are hoeing a field under the directions of a French farmer with a long whip. On a large board is painted: "Regulations of the Farm—at five o'clock in the morning, the hogs and English slaves are to be fed; at twelve o'clock at night they are to be suppered, and littered up with the best straw that the Scotch and Irish part of the slaves can steal from the neighbouring farms, and then locked up"—together with much other witticism of a like nature.

Rather more subtle is the "Mæcenas" of Fig. 1—the Marquis of Stafford outside Christie's on a frosty morning. This is a kindly and pleasant caricature of the man who afterwards became the first Duke of Sutherland. He was Ambassador in Paris in 1790, took an active part in politics till about 1807, and then devoted himself to the development of his enormous estates. Stafford House was purchased by him in 1827—it is now the London Museum.

The third illustration is less kindly, but has its points. Among the "Connoisseurs Examining a Collection of George Morland's" is Mr. Angerstein, to whom we owe the nucleus of the National Gallery collection.



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SOUTHERN IRELAND FOR BEAUTY AND ROMANCE.

By MAXWELL FRASER, F.R.G.S.

SOUTHERN IRELAND has always had an irresistible charm for holiday-makers, but since the creation of the Irish Free State it has been invested with yet greater powers of attraction, for to the delight of a lovely countryside, peopled with the most hospitable and care-free race on earth, there is added the fascination of travel in a country comparatively little known to the average Englishman. Everywhere the national consciousness of the Irish is being encouraged and developed, and the result is more than justifying the aims of the new State. Ireland's civilisation ranks with that of Greece and Rome for antiquity and culture, and the memory of its great heroes—many of whom lived over 2000 years ago—and of its saints, who were among the earliest converts to Christianity in the world, is a potent factor in Irish life, and invests the lovely scenery with a host of romantic and enthralling associations.

Everywhere there are picturesque castles hinting at stirring deeds, and wonderful monastic ruins where the tourist can read the fascinating stories of the innumerable Irish saints who spread the gospel far and wide across



IRELAND THE GREEN AND SECLUDED: THE MEETING OF THE WATERS AT KILLARNEY—A "FAIRYLAND OF LAKES AND WOODS."

Europe. Dublin, the capital and largest town of Ireland, was founded by the Danes over a thousand years ago, and, though a crowded history of siege and warfare has resulted in the disappearance of many of its ancient buildings, preserves links with its founders in Christchurch Cathedral and with the Middle Ages in St. Audoen's Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Dublin University has an exceptionally fine library, and among its innumerable treasures is the glorious eighth-century "Book of Kells," the most exquisite illuminated MSS. in existence.

In modern times Dublin is one of the gayest and most lovable towns in Europe. It has the true Irish ability to entwine itself into the affections of every visitor, and exercises to the full the passion for generous and delightful hospitality which is one of the outstanding characteristics of the Irish people. Dublin is wholly enchanting at any time of the year, but it reaches its zenith of gaiety and fashion during the Horse Show held during the first week in August. Inaugurated in 1864 by the Royal Dublin Society, it has become one of the most important sporting events in the world, and attracts sportsmen from every country, who delight in the magnificent specimens of hunters to be seen there. Dublin, always ready to enter with zest into any scheme which enhances its already great attractiveness, becomes a city almost entirely devoted to pleasure during the Horse Show week, and those tourists who can arrange their visit to the capital to coincide with the Show will carry away golden memories of this great occasion which will colour all their visit to the delightful countryside of Southern Ireland.

Coast resorts and inland beauty-spots are alike within easy reach of Dublin. Dalkey and Bray, two of Ireland's most popular seaside towns, are within half an hour of the capital. The glorious Vales of Avoca, Arklow,



IRELAND THE WILD AND RUGGED: GLENGARIFF, ON THE WESTERN COAST—THAT LAND OF ROMANCE WHICH AN ENGLISHMAN CAN NOW REACH IN TIME FOR LUNCH IF HE LEAVES LONDON ON THE PREVIOUS EVENING.

Photographs supplied by the Great Western Railway.

Glendalough, and Glendasan, with their ever-varying scenery, are threaded by the direct railway-route between Dublin and Rosslare, the Irish terminal of the short sea-route between the Free State and England. The fairyland of lakes and woods at Killarney, and the wild magnificence of Glengariff and Parknasilla on the western coast; the delightful city of Cork and the neighbouring Blarney Castle; Kilkee, Lahinch, and the awe-inspiring cliffs of Moher, in Co. Clare, and all the endlessly interesting and attractive towns of Southern Ireland—these, and many more places, are in direct communication with Dublin and with Rosslare, and so speedy is the service in these modern days of transit that it is possible to leave London after tea one day and arrive on the furthest point of the western coast in time for lunch the next morning.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

LORD DERBY, as Chairman of the "Come to England" movement, paid high compliments to the Daimler Hire Service for their unique and world-famous carriages for the use of visitors to Great Britain to explore the countryside, attend State functions, or for ordinary town use. The public demand to hire from this service has grown so much, that a new and additional dépôt has been built large enough to house 400 "double-six" Daimlers, with stores, repair department, waiting-rooms, mess-room for drivers, private lockers for visitors garaging their own cars there, and all suitable appurtenances. This new garage is situated behind Russell Square, in Herbrand Street, and its four floors are accessible from the street itself by means of a double-span 21-ft. driveway, or ramp, connecting each floor. Thus one can drive a car from the street to the top floor with ease, and equally back to the street again, without any delay, owing to the spacious accommodation provided by the architects, Messrs. Wallis, Gilbert and Partners.

Bloomsbury is one mass of hotels, said its chief citizen, Mr. Percy Hill, the Mayor of Holborn, on the occasion of the opening ceremony of this Herbrand Street garage, and he congratulated the Daimler Hire Service, Ltd., on their courage and enterprise in building such a splendid addition to visitors' requirements in their district in these days of so-called depression; and on behalf of the

citizens and visitors he wished them all prosperity and success in the undertaking. As a matter of fact, everybody knows of the Daimler Hire Service, and now both Knightsbridge and Herbrand Street will be able to supply their needs in jobbing as well as garaging the finest fleet of carriages in the world.

This service has grown from eighty cars in 1919 to four hundred Daimlers in service to-day. On State occasions, such as Drawing Rooms, every car is at work, and many more needed. Its customers range from the King down to many of his humble subjects. The mileage covered by these hired carriages since the commencement of the service is over 37,200,000 miles, and they have carried 2,646,200 passengers. From the day it started, the service has never ceased for one minute, night or day. One can always telephone and obtain a car at any hour, day or night, from the Daimler Hire Service at most moderate charges.

Tall Drivers Praise Austins.

With all compliments to the small cars built to-day, abnormally tall drivers one and all praise the leg-roominess and head-room of the four-cylinder 12-h.p. Austin saloon. To anybody who is 6 ft. and over I have always recommended it as a truly comfort-giving car for long-legged drivers and passengers. As members of my family and myself range from 6 ft. 3½ in. to 6 ft., we have ample testing ability for height and leg-room in the cars of to-day. I also find my 15-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley most comfortable and it gives ample head-room. As a

matter of fact, leg-room is not so difficult to obtain, as most cars have adjustable driving seats, and adjustable steering columns as regards the rake or angle, but headroom, if one is tall, requires seeking for. The craze for low sports-type saloons is the culprit in this direction. Also motorists are apt to think that high-roofed cars are likely to roll more than low-roofed ones. The Hillman Wizard sits on the ground like a leech, and, I found, has sufficient head-room. Another very comfortable car is the Vauxhall Cadet, and should please tall people as well as others of less stature. But for a State carriage, Hooper's coachwork, as supplied to their Majesties, gives the best clearance inside on any chassis with a fairly long wheelbase. After all, head-room is a coachbuilder's job, and for those who require special details for ease, the purpose-made carriage must be better than a ready-made saloon which is a compromise to suit all tastes.

Reduced Prices for Lincoln.

Reduction in prices of the various models in the new Lincoln range was announced by the Lincoln Motor Company on July 7. These models have been designed to give the essence of luxurious motoring, with a handsome exterior and a fine road performance. The sports phaeton is listed at £1435, and the Le Baron convertible roadster at £1660, as the lowest and the highest prices in a choice of ten styles. The five-seaters range from the town sedan at £1535, to the five-seating coupé at £1560. For those who wish for a truly family seven-seating car, the sedan costs £1610, and the limousine £1625.

Dealers in the United States of America inform me that they are now showing the Ford new convertible car, a two-door sedan with a top which slides in mounting or folding back. This is somewhat on the lines which a well-known Edinburgh Ford dealer, Mr. Alexander, designed for all makes of cars. The body differs from the usual convertibles in the U.S.A., in that the mounting or cant rails are rigid, and remain in their place when the top is rolled back. This head slides in a channel when lowered, or raised. In other respects the new car is similar to the wide-door touring car which the Ford Company have been building over the past year. The convertible sedan, with its slanting windshield, is one of the most attractive in the Ford *de luxe* group, according to an American friend of mine. The top can be quickly lowered, folds flat, and may be enclosed in a boot or cover. The rigid upper structure is stated to eliminate vibration, and the top itself is of an attractive rubberised material. The garnish mouldings are in walnut finish. The driver's seat is adjustable, the door, windows and quarter windows can be raised and lowered by regulators.

Brake Standard Safety Code.

The American Automobile Association, which cares for the sporting side of American motoring similarly to our R.A.C. in England, has issued a safety limit of braking. The A.A.A. code sets forth that not more than 5.84 ft. should be required to bring any car to a complete stop from a speed of 10 m.p.h., not more than 12 ft. from a speed of 20 m.p.h., and not more than 146 ft. from a speed of 50 m.p.h. I think our R.A.C. Technical Department should issue a similar code, if only to persuade owners of private cars and commercial vehicles to test the brakes more frequently. Now that there are machines and testing garages available in several cities in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, it is not such a difficult business to obtain a reliable check on the efficiency of the brakes on all motor vehicles. Motor-coach and motor-omnibus brakes are most carefully tested and adjusted day after day. Private car-owners leave things of this important nature just that shade too late which causes trouble. There have been several very narrow escapes from nasty accidents recently, which made me bring up the ancient topic "Are your brakes safe?" American motor manufacturers have quickly seized upon the A.A.A. brake standard of safety, tested their cars, and loudly proclaimed—when justified—"The brakes on the Dash-Dash car are shown by test to be more efficient than the safety code set up by the A.A.A."

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Now take the lift down to the heart of Grosvenor House—the great Lounge—with its low, comfortable settees and easy chairs. Look at the masses of flowers and the pretty women. Perhaps at 12.30 you like a cocktail? Both cocktail bars are very convivial places just before luncheon or dinner, and you'll find Victor and Jim expert and generous. At luncheon you may like

English or perhaps American cooking, so have your roast beef or chicken à la King in the cheerful oak panelled Tudor Grill.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—CXXX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

IT is generally agreed, by those having a thorough knowledge of matters connected with yachting, that experience in vessels when under sail is necessary to complete the education of a yachtsman, whether he be an owner or a paid hand. Though internal combustion engines offer many blessings to yachtsmen, they have, unfortunately, created a problem which is rapidly becoming serious, namely, a shortage of the younger generation that has a good grounding in handling boats under sail.

Now it is well known that very few of the young recruits to yachting can boast of large bank balances; it is also common knowledge that, speaking generally, the East Coast is a cheaper district in which to indulge in yachting than any other around these shores. Not only is it cheaper, but, owing to its numerous shallow creeks, the many sandbanks and complex tides, it is ideally suitable as a training-ground for the novice, for seamanship and navigation can be learnt at the same time under practical conditions. To the East Coast, therefore, we must look, as for many years past, for those who, in the future, will be best fitted to uphold the interests of yachting; and possibly once more, as in the Great War, assist the authorities should such a catastrophe again occur. This places a responsibility on those who control yachting at the present time in these parts, and I am pleased to see that they have been quick to recognise the fact.

Burnham-on-Crouch, the mecca of small yacht-owners who like to do things for themselves rather than pay others, is, of course, the leader of East Coast

yachting centres, and as such has taken steps to improve the breed of future yachtsmen. In thus giving the credit to Burnham, I automatically offer it to those many yachtsmen who live in and around London and keep their craft there, and who appear to outnumber the local owners. A large number of these are members of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, which has its headquarters at Burnham and was established in 1872.

There are few rich yachtsmen who use Burnham permanently, but in spite of that the Royal Corinthian

and comfort, any other building of its sort in this country. As ever, the encouragement of amateur sailing will remain the main ideal of the club, and every facility is to be given to enthusiasts from the universities, hospitals, and public schools. This is a most important point, for in such sources many recruits to yachting exist. I can think of no more ideal way of spending a week-end than of making this clubhouse a base for a Saturday-to-Monday cruise, for it is no distance from London and the waters near-by are ideal either for sailing or for motor-craft. There

is nothing connected with yachting that cannot be obtained at Burnham, for the inhabitants practically live for the pastime only. Yachts are built there and several good repair-yards exist where moderate prices will be asked for good work done.

Burnham, and especially the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, is no place for those who pose as yachtsmen on shore without entering enthusiastically into the pastime, for everyone there is an enthusiast, and only those who are genuine in this respect are likely to be received with open arms. I frequently receive letters asking me how to set about becoming a yachtsman and the purchasing of a boat, and in future, whenever the circumstances permit, I shall advise my

enquirers to become members of this club and to seek the advice of the committee before they buy a boat. In writing this, I may say that I have not asked the permission of the committee to do so, but feel sure that any such help would be willingly given by its members in view of the sportsmanlike spirit and affability which pervade all those who have any connection with this admirable, go-ahead yacht club.



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CLASSICAL antiquity as a field of historical romance has been neglected by English novelists. "The Last Days of Pompeii" stands almost alone in reviving "the grandeur that was Rome," and it is difficult to recall any novel of note touching "the glory that was Greece." The gap has now been filled by a book of singular interest, namely, "The Greek Slave." By Douglas Sladen (T. Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d.), a stirring story of love and adventure in the days of Alexander the Great.

Mr. Douglas Sladen is, of course, well-known by his previous works, including "The Curse of the Nile." The fact that he was a classical scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and has lived for a time beside the Mediterranean, among the scenes of his story, vouches for the authenticity of his materials, allusions, and local colour. He has been engaged on this novel for about thirty years. It originated through his discovering, in a private library, an English translation made in 1765 from a Greek romance by Chariton of Aphrodisias, and never reprinted. Though the tale itself was tedious and full of anachronism, it gave a wonderful picture of ancient Greek life, thought, and conversation. Mr. Sladen has adapted it to a story of his own, seeking to preserve the charming simplicity of the English version. We thus have a novel by a modern writer describing life in the fourth century B.C., in the style of an eighteenth-century translator of a romance written in the fourth-century A.D.

The scene is laid partly in Syracuse and partly in Asia Minor, whither the heroine, a beautiful bride of high Sicilian-Greek lineage, is carried off by a pirate and sold into slavery at Miletus. Later, she captivated Alexander at the outset of his world-conquering career, and might have been his Queen. Among the historical events described are the Battle of Issus and the capture of Tyre. The love element in the story is remarkable for its presentation of Greek ideas regarding marriage, chivalry, and constancy, and a woman's differing obligations as a wife and as a slave. To portray the physical type of Greek beauty represented by his heroine, Mr. Sladen gives on the wrapper of the book a photograph of a famous statue

of the same period, the Venus of Cnidos by Praxiteles, from a cast (which he found stowed away in the basement of the British Museum), taken before the original statue, now in the Vatican, had the lower limbs draped, many years ago, in accordance with Papal notions of propriety. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* may be reminded that photographs of this nude cast and the draped statue were published side by side, for comparison, in our issue of June 13 last.

"THROUGH THE DRAGON'S EYES."

(Continued from page 190.)

solving other people's problems. They seem to think when they make a few converts in a place, that all is over bar the shouting. When the missionary injects his peculiar ideas into public affairs so that he invades the right of the people he is living amongst, and imposes censorship over their actions purely as a religious measure, naturally they rise in vehement protest. . . . In China things are rarely what they appear to be. When, in 1911, the soldiers slept in the sacred precincts of the temples . . . took the gods out of their niches and riddled them with bullets, the missionaries welcomed it as a sign of their being converted to Christianity!

"The white man's—especially the missionaries'—'superiority complex' has been the chief cause of anti-foreignism in China. What we must do is to pay more attention to the psychology of the people we are living amongst, and not eternally try to force our ideas down their throats. It simply cannot be done!"

A blend of Christianity and Confucianism, Mr. Arlington thinks, might provide China with the religion she needs.

"Through the Dragon's Eyes" is a vigorous and suggestive book, crammed with first-hand observation. If, at times, Mr. Arlington's mind seems a little muddled, if his opinions in one place seem to contradict those he expresses in another, we forgive these blemishes for the sake of the vitality and personal force he brings to the act of writing: anything less "lymphatic" than his book cannot be conceived. Would that it dealt more fully with the better class of Chinese.

L. P. H.

THE BYZANTINE EXHIBITION.

(Continued from page 192.)

purple Rossano codex, the superb Gospels from Vienna, and some few others were shown at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. A more representative exhibition was organised at the Bibliothèque Nationale, where the finest treasures of that extensive collection were on view. With manuscripts, rather than with paintings, must be mentioned the interesting chrysobol from the Peloponnese granted by Andronicus Palæologus and signed by the Emperor. Such bulls were granted to monasteries and religious institutions by various Emperors, but few have survived the hand of time in a complete condition.

Of Byzantine glass we know very little—of ceramics only slightly more. And even here our knowledge embraces only the middle and later periods. The subject is a new one and has been studied very little, and it was possible in Paris, for the first time in history, to see specimens which had been brought together from the few collections that possess them. We note a close relationship with Persia and with Egypt, but more striking is the very definite Byzantine character of many of the motives. And if all the vessels exhibited did not come up to the standard of some of the superb products of the Persian potter which we saw in London, there were, nevertheless, many pieces which have a very definite æsthetic merit. Among these may be mentioned a twelfth-thirteenth-century bowl, bearing a centaur and serpent, from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin; and one from Salonika, of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, showing two birds (Fig. 1, See page 192).

Altogether, the Exhibition was one of inestimable value to students and of the greatest interest to the general lover of art. One can but praise it and its organisers. But one criticism may be ventured: namely, the scheme of collecting together under the heading "Byzantine," objects from all over the Christian East, and from every century of the era until about 1500. To see contemporary objects from Egypt, Constantinople, or Sicily grouped together was of the first interest, and served to prove that the name "Byzantine" is one to be associated with a very distinct branch of Christian art, which developed at Constantinople and spread over a certain area of the Near East from there. But it was not until quite a late date that Byzantine art, as such, was evolved, and there is little that is truly Byzantine in Egypt, or even in Syria, or Asia Minor. The Exhibition was one of early Christian art, specially designed to show the formation and development of the Byzantine style.

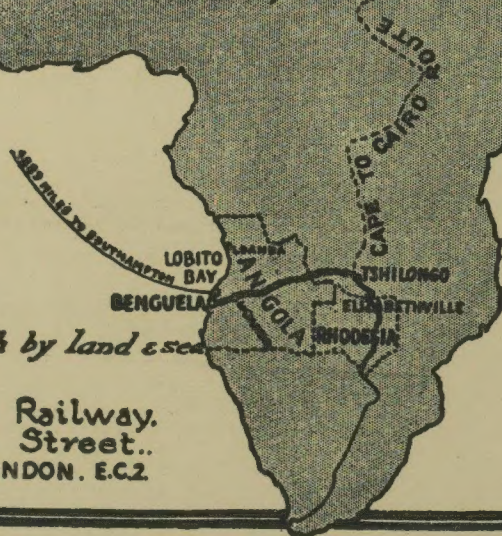
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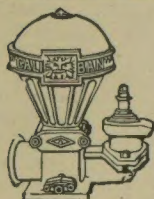
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